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Causes of War

By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

AS we go to and fro in this peaceful country, with its decent orderly people going about their business under free institutions, and with so much tolerance and fair play in their laws and customs, it is startling and fearful to realise that we are no longer safe in our island home. For nearly a thousand years England has never seen the camp fires of an invader. The stormy seas and our Royal Navy have been our sure defence. Not only have we preserved our life and freedom through the centuries, but gradually we have come to be the heart and centre of an Empire which surrounds the globe. It is indeed with a pang of stabbing pain that we see all this in mortal danger.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a State,
An hour may lay it in the dust.

What shall we do?

Many people think that the best way to escape war is to dwell upon its horrors, and to imprint them vividly upon the minds of the younger generation. They flaunt the grisly photographs before their eyes. They fill their ears with tales of carnage. They dilate upon the ineptitude of generals and admirals. They denounce the crime and insensate folly of human strife.

All this teaching ought to be very useful in preventing us from attacking or invading any other country, if anyone outside a madhouse wished to do so. But how would it

help us if we were attacked or invaded ourselves? That is the question we have to ask. Would the invaders consent to visit Lord Beaverbrook's exhibition, or listen to the impassioned appeals of Mr. Lloyd George? Would they agree to meet that famous South African, General Smuts, and have their inferiority complex removed in friendly reasonable debate? I doubt it. I gravely doubt it.

But even if they did, I am not sure we should convince them, and persuade them to go back quietly home. They might say 'You are rich, we are poor. You seem well fed, we are hungry. You have been victorious, we have been defeated. You have valuable colonies, we have none. You have your Navy, where is ours? You have had the past, let us have the future'. Above all, I fear, they would say 'You are weak and we are strong'.

After all, only a few hours away by air there dwells a nation of nearly seventy millions of the most educated, industrious, scientific, disciplined people in the world, who are being taught from childhood to think of war and conquest as a glorious exercise, and death in battle as the noblest fate for man. There is a nation which has abandoned all its liberties in order to augment its collective might. There is a nation which with all its strength and virtues is in the grip of a group of ruthless men preaching a gospel of intolerance and racial pride, unrestrained by law, by Parliament or by public opinion. In that country all pacifist speeches, all morbid war books, are forbidden or suppressed and their authors rigorously imprisoned.

From their new table of commandments they have omitted 'Thou shalt not kill'. It is but twenty years since these neighbours of ours fought almost the whole world, and almost defeated them. Now they are rearming with the utmost speed, and ready to their hands is this new lamentable weapon of the air, against which our Navy is no defence, before which women and children, the weak and frail, the pacifist and the jingo, the warrior and the civilian, the front line trenches and the cottage home, lie in equal and impartial peril.

Nay worse still, for with the new weapon has come a new method, or rather has come back the most brutish methods of ancient barbarism, namely the possibility of compelling the submission of races by terrorising and torturing their civil population. And worst of all—the more civilised a country is, the larger and more splendid its cities, the more intricate the structure of its social and economic life; the more is it vulnerable, the more it is at the mercy of those who may make it their prey.

Now these are facts—hard, grim indisputable facts—and in face of these facts I ask again, what are we to do?

There are those who say 'Let us ignore the continent of Europe. Let us leave it with its hatreds and its armaments to stew in its own juice, to fight out its own quarrels, and dree its own doom. Let us turn our backs upon this melancholy and alarming scene. Let us fix our gaze across the oceans and lead our own life in the midst of our peace-loving dominions and Empire'.

Now there would be much to be said for this plan, if only we could unfasten the British islands from their rock foundations and could tow them three thousand miles across the Atlantic Ocean, and anchor them safely upon the smiling coasts of Canada. I have not yet heard of any way in which this could be done. No engineer has come forward with any scheme. Even our best scientists are dumb. It would certainly take a long time. Have we got a long time? At present we lie within a few minutes' striking distance of the French, Dutch, and Belgian coasts, and within a few hours of the great aerodromes of Central Europe. We are even within cannon-shot of the Continent. So close as that! Is it prudent, is it possible, however we might desire it, to turn our backs upon Europe and ignore whatever may happen there? Everyone can judge this question for himself, and everyone ought to make up his mind about it without delay. It lies at the heart of our problem. For my part I have come to the conclusion—reluctantly I admit—that we cannot get away. Here we are and we must make the best of it. But do not underrate the risks—the grievous risks—we have to run.

I hope, I pray, and on the whole, grasping the larger hope, I believe, that no war will fall upon us. But if in the near future the Great War of 1914 is resumed again in Europe after the Armistice—for that is what it may come to—under different conditions no doubt—no one can tell where and how it would end, or whether sooner or later we should not be dragged into it, as the United States were dragged in against their will in 1917. Whatever happened and whatever we did, it would be a time of frightful danger for us. And when the war was over, or perhaps while it still raged, we should be left face to face with the victors whoever they might be. Indeed, we should, with our wealth and vast possessions, be the only prize sufficient to reward their exertions and compensate them for their losses. Then certainly those who had tried to forget Europe would have to turn round very quickly indeed. And then it would be too late. Therefore it seems to me that we cannot detach ourselves from Europe, and that for our own safety and self-preservation we are bound to make exertions and run risks for the sake of keeping peace.

There are some who say—indeed it has been the shrill cry of the hour—that we should run the risk of disarming ourselves in order to set an example to others. We have done that already for the last five years; but our example

has not been followed. On the contrary, it has produced the opposite result. All the other countries have armed only the more heavily; and the quarrels and intrigues about disarmament have only bred more ill-will between the nations.

Everyone would be glad to see the burden of armaments reduced in every country. But history shows on many a page that armaments are not necessarily a cause of war and that the want of them is no guarantee of peace. If, for instance, all the explosives all over the globe could by the wave of a magic wand be robbed of their power and made harmless, so that not a cannon or a rifle could fire, and not a shell or a bomb detonate, that would be a measure of world disarmament far beyond the brightest dreams of Geneva. But would it ensure peace? On the contrary, war would begin almost the next day when enormous masses of fierce men, armed with picks and spades or soon with clubs and spears, would pour over the frontiers into the lands they covet, and would be furiously resisted by the local populations and those who went to their aid. This truth may be unfashionable, unpalatable, unpopular. But it is the truth. The story of mankind shows that war was universal and unceasing for millions of years before armaments were invented or armies organised. Indeed the lucid intervals of peace and order only occur in human history after armaments in the hands of strong governments have come into being. And civilisation has been nursed only in cradles guarded by superior weapons and discipline. To remove the causes of war we must go deeper than armaments, we must remove grievances and injustice, we must raise human thought to a higher plane and give a new inspiration to the world. Let moral disarmament come and physical disarmament will soon follow. But what sign of this is there now?

When we look out upon the state of Europe and of the world and of the position of our own country, as they are now, it seems to me that the next year or the next two years will be a fateful turning point in our history. I am afraid that if you look intently at what is moving towards Great Britain, you will see that the only choice open is the old grim choice our forbears had to face, namely, whether we shall submit or whether we shall prepare. Whether we shall submit to the will of a stronger nation or whether we shall prepare to defend our rights, our liberties and indeed our lives. If we submit, our submission should be timely. If we prepare, our preparation should not be too late. Submission will entail at the very least the passing and distribution of the British Empire and the acceptance by our people of whatever future may be in store for small countries like Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, within and under a Teutonic domination of Europe.

The difficulty about submission—I state it calmly—is that we have already in this island the population of a first-class Power. And on our new scale of life as a smaller state we could not feed more than perhaps half those who now live here. Great stresses will arise in deciding which half should survive. You have perhaps read the story of 'The Raft of the *Medusa*'. I will not dwell on that repulsive scene. These are the disadvantages of submission and of Britain definitely relinquishing her great situation in the world.

Preparation on the other hand involves statesmanship, expense and exertion, and neither submission nor preparation are free from suffering and danger.

I should not speak in this way if I were not prepared to declare to you some of the measures of preparation by which I believe another great war may be averted, and our destruction, should war come, be prevented. First we must without another day's delay begin to make ourselves at least the strongest air Power in the European world. By this means we shall recover to a very large extent the safety which we formerly enjoyed through our Navy and

(Continued on page 872)

Daily Life in Russia

Does Equal Status Lead to Drabness?

Part of a Discussion between JOHN BROWN and CICELY HAMILTON

JOHN BROWN: It's rather difficult to know where to begin in discussing a big subject like Russia, but what was your most vivid impression?

CICELY HAMILTON: That's a difficult question, but I would say drabness. Drabness of atmosphere and dress.

BROWN: Well, I thought the drabness was all on the surface. As a matter of fact what struck me more than anything else was the way in which family life, as we understand it, is being broken up. English people, even today, are always trying to put walls round themselves, but the Russians are breaking down all the barriers and living in public as much as they can.

In the new workers' settlements, for example, all the families take their meals together in the communal dining halls. I think this is all to the good, for I have always believed that much of the reserve and coldness of English people is due to this sealed-box social atmosphere of ours. Don't you agree?

HAMILTON: There are lots of people who enjoy what I call the barrack life—feel happier when they are in a crowd and don't mind noise. But the crowd life doesn't appeal to everybody—brain workers especially want to get away from it at times. And isn't English coldness and reserve rather a myth? An Englishman is usually very ready to ask a stranger to his house, far more so than many foreigners.

BROWN: Well, I like the Russian system better; and another good thing that strikes me is that the men whose wives can't cook very well, and there must be many of them, will not suffer as they do here. Outside Russia if a man's wife cooks badly it is useless to complain, but there if the factory kitchen or communal dining-hall meals are poor, he can lodge a complaint and something is done!

HAMILTON: My experience is that one can make lots of complaints, but it doesn't follow anything will be done. And I was once told a Russian joke about the communal restaurants which suggests they aren't always up to the mark—it was about a man who had to wait so long for his second course that he made a will and left it to his family. However, even if you're right about that, all the people in Russia don't get all their food at communal kitchens; if they did there wouldn't be queues outside provision shops. I've never seen anything like the bread-lines in Kiev last year, except in pictures of wartime Germany at its worst.

BROWN: That's merely bad organisation, and will be got over before long.

HAMILTON: But you know, in spite of all we hear about

their progress and comfort, the ordinary people one sees in the street don't look so very prosperous and happy.

BROWN: No, perhaps they don't look very happy yet, but do people in our own streets look so overjoyed? When I walk down Regent Street I see a remarkable number of women with expressionless faces and men who look worried to death!

HAMILTON: But isn't the real point this: nobody ever pretends that here, in England, things aren't in need of improvement; whereas some of the ardent admirers of Russia will hardly admit there's anything wrong.

But I wish you would say something about conditions in factories and so on—because you saw more of them than I did.

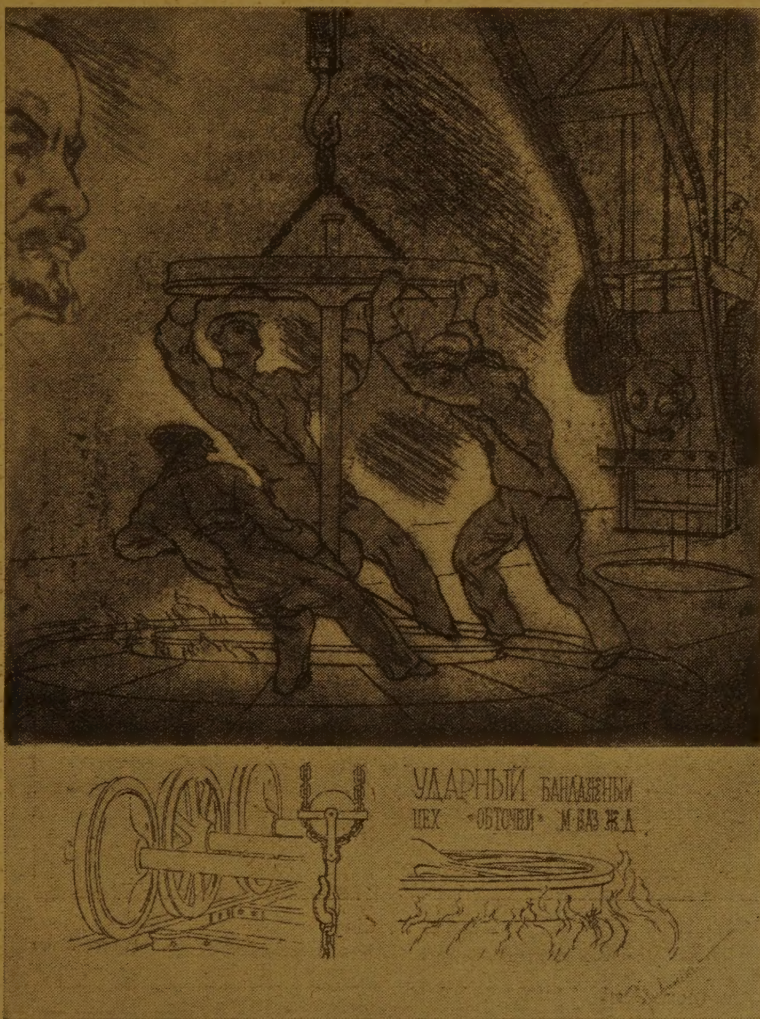
BROWN: Of course, the most important thing is the reduction of hours worked in industry. The men in the dangerous trades have a six-hour day, while in the factories the seven-hour day is the rule.

HAMILTON: As to wages—they've gone back to piece work and payment by results? No more idea of equality in earnings?

BROWN: No, wages are unequal—the idea of the early Socialists that everyone could be given the same wage has not worked well in practice, and now there are big differences in earnings. You know what the 'shock-brigaders' are—the most efficient workers: well, in the Donetz mines they can earn as much as 1,000 roubles a month, while some of the unskilled labourers in the northern towns get only 75. And then, of course, purchasing power varies too. Some people have to pay more than others

for the same goods. One strange thing I noticed was that the prisoners from the gaols were much sought after. They learn trades in prison, and as there are not so many distractions as outside, they become very efficient, and are in demand to train other people. That is one of the reasons for their being given annual holidays from gaol. Another point is that they are stressing individual responsibility in industry nowadays—it has been found that better results are obtained. The factory directors now have a similar status to the works general managers in England. Each factory is run by what is called 'the triangle', composed of the director, a representative of the trade union, and a representative of the Communist Party. In practice, I found that the director gave the orders, and the other sides of the triangle were there chiefly to advise.

HAMILTON: I gather from that that the original Soviet idea of workers' councils controlling the factory has given place to something more nearly approaching the ordinary mana-



Shock-workers of the Moscow-Kazan Railway—a drawing by the Russian artist Nivinsky

By courtesy of the Bloomsbury Gallery

gerial system? I don't mean quite the same—but something like it.

BROWN: Yes, I think this makes for better discipline, provided



Woman tram-driver in Moscow

Dorien Leigh

the method of appointing the directors is sound. It's surprising how many of the more efficient directors are women. I think it is partly due to the absence of men in the wars and revolutions. This resulted in the women taking responsibility upon themselves, and they liked it so much that they have never given it up.

HAMILTON: You're not the first person I have heard remark on the competence of the Russian woman. I have been told by more than one Englishman who was familiar with the country that the women, as a general rule, had more grit and backbone than the men. And grit and backbone are required in some of their callings—for instance, by the women who are railway guards, and who have to tackle that large section of the Russian public which tries to travel without tickets. I've seen these hefty ladies wrestling with the interlopers—and a friend of mine told me she saw one of them get the better of a gate-crasher with a mighty kick in the stomach.

BROWN: Yes, it is noticeable all over Russia that the women have more 'push' and 'go' than the men—speaking generally, of course. But they have a strange attitude towards fashions and lipstick. They try to make themselves look as neat as they can, but draw the line at studied beautification.

HAMILTON: Did you visit the marriage bureaus?

BROWN: Yes, I saw a marriage in Lenin-grad. The couple came to a table in a big bare room, where some very matter-of-fact people were sitting, answered a few questions,

filled in some forms, and then went off to see the doctor. After getting his certificate of fitness and paying 3 roubles they were married—the whole business taking only a few minutes. One fine thing about marriage in Russia is that the wife is usually able to get a job herself if she wants one, and so is not really dependent on her husband.

HAMILTON: Hear, hear! And to my thinking, another and still finer thing about it is that motherhood can be entirely voluntary. Russia is the one country that has legalised the operative method of birth control. I know there are great differences of opinion about this, but I, myself, feel that there is something terribly cruel in laws which insist upon the birth of an unwanted child into a poverty-stricken family, and I, myself, hope that it will not be long before other nations follow where Russia has shown the way.

Well, so much for marriage—from which one turns naturally to divorce. That as everyone knows is easily obtainable in Russia.

BROWN: Yes, it is very easy to get a divorce. Either the husband or the wife can break up the marriage by simply going to the bureau and demanding a divorce. A small fee, questions, some forms to be filled in, and the job is done.

HAMILTON: Though it is quite easy to get a divorce, what is not so easy is to get a new lodging to live in with your new wife—and it really does happen sometimes that the new wife has to share the same room as the divorced one, with merely a curtain hung up to divide the two households.

BROWN: One would think that the result of this method would be a tremendous crop of broken-up marriages, but in practice what happens is that there is less nagging and man and wife behave sensibly towards each other. Marriage is based on

mutual confidence instead of legal chains. There is a check on people who might be tempted to marry and divorce a number of partners at Hollywood speed. The Communist Party sees to it that they are not promoted; and then, divorced husbands are compelled to maintain the children.

HAMILTON: I'm under the impression that it is often the quite small children who have the best time in Russia.

BROWN: Yes, I thought the children looked well cared for, and it is obvious that the Government is concentrating on the welfare of the youngsters. Did you notice how children of different families are encouraged to have their meals together? It was



Russian wedding

Planet News



Part of a bread queue in Charkiv, 1933

Photopress

strange to see a lot of them sitting down together, without attendants, and behaving themselves so well.

HAMILTON: No, I don't think I ever saw that; but I've been to one or two kindergartens where the little imps seemed very jolly. And I tell you what I approved of, though perhaps you mayn't—small boys and girls were dressed alike and had the same cropped heads; you couldn't tell which was which. There's no need to insist on sex differentiation in the nursery. I think that's sensible.



Two aspects of life in Russia, as seen by Russian artists: 'In a Suburb Train', by Krylov—

BROWN: Yes, I suppose there's something in that. . . . The education system is wonderful. Very few children in England, comparatively speaking, can struggle from the elementary school to the university. I managed it, through a series of lucky accidents, but I know many others who never got the chances they deserved. In the Russian schools there is complete equality of opportunity. The school-leaving age has been raised to sixteen, and maintenance grants are paid with the State scholarships.

HAMILTON: Where you say education, I'd say instruction, because my definition of education is something that enables a man to have a mind of his own, study evidence, and form an independent judgment. That's the last thing most of these new forms of State seem to desire of their citizens—they want them to think all alike. But there is no doubt of Russian enthusiasm for their school and university system. I noticed last year quite a lot of propaganda which was designed to fire young people with a desire for knowledge, especially the technical knowledge which would make them of value to industry.

BROWN: But it's not only technical education. The universities are full of the children of the workers and peasants. Fancy if Oxford and Cambridge were thrown open like that! Perhaps the best feature of the new system is that the children are taught to admire manual work, and to envy the skilled craftsman. Elsewhere headmasters are plagued by mothers who want any sort of black-coat job for their boy. In Moscow, I met Mme.

Lunacharskaya, sister of the former Commissar for Education, and she told me something of what is being done in developing radio and cinema work in the schools.

HAMILTON: Is the use of the cinema in schools peculiar to Russia? Aren't educational films being used here?

BROWN: Yes, but on a very small scale. They do things in a much bigger way in Russia. For instance, they are experimenting in all kinds of directions, particularly with regard to health. I very much admired the State Health Service, didn't you? Doctors are all in the employ of the Government, and I believe it is not terribly difficult to get a research grant.

HAMILTON: Yes. But if I were the Head of the State Health Service in Russia, I should tell my underlings that their first job was to clean up the sanitation a bit. I shouldn't worry so much about research until I'd got that done—and I think you'll agree it needs doing in a good many quarters.

BROWN: Yes. Still, they are doing a great deal, and an important point is that doctors are attached to all the factories, and they try very hard to keep the workers fit. I like this idea of doctors being paid to keep people well. Here they are better off when there is a crop of epidemics.

HAMILTON: Aren't you a bit hard on our Public Health Services? We spend a good deal on them and, judging by the comparative rarity of epidemics, and also by our increased expectation of life, we haven't spent in vain. And what about the lack of drugs and anaesthetics in Russia—especially anaesthetics? Should we feel that our medical services were in a satisfactory condition if serious operations had to be performed without them? I'm afraid that often happens there.

BROWN: Yes, that is inevitable under present conditions. They have had to do everything in such a short time. But against that shortage of anaesthetics you must put the rest homes—generally the palaces and mansions of the old aristocracy, which are now used as holiday homes for the workers. These homes are as good as any of our sanatoria, and you needn't be ill to stay in one. They are developing this 'pensions at sixty' experiment, too.

HAMILTON: You say these rest homes for the workers are as good as any of our sanatoria. Well, you may be right as regards the majority, but I'd just like to tell you my experience of one



—and 'Who is Happy in Russia?' an illustration by Gerassimov to a book by Nekrassov

Illustrations by courtesy of the Bloomsbury Gallery

of them. It's only one, I admit, but an important place, a former royal palace. I saw some of the inmates arriving. They were bringing their own bedding, and this I was told they had to do. Then they would each have so much floor space allotted them, on which they would dump their mattresses. I'm not saying this isn't very nice for them, but it really isn't up to our sanatorium standard. According to my guide-book, part of the building was open to inspection, and I wanted to go over it; but permission was refused me and the reason given was, there was some sort of an epidemic. Of course, one naturally suspects those mattresses. And then as regards hospitals, I've been told

by those who ought to know that in many Russian hospitals a patient's family is expected to bring his food. Our hospital authorities wouldn't think that satisfactory, especially when you consider what Russian diet often is!

BROWN: I must say that in the hospitals I visited the food was similar to that in our own, though in some parts, of course, they haven't much more than fish, black bread, melons and tea to live on, but things are steadily improving.

HAMILTON: I'm glad you think so, because there's room for improvement. In the Ukraine last year, judging by appearances, there must have been a good many people who didn't even get black bread and fish and melons and tea. And I don't know whether you noticed it, but it seemed to me pasty complexions were rather frequent.

BROWN: Yes, they may not look too healthy. That is due to the food shortage and the privations of the Revolution and Civil War, which made a big inroad on the people's health. But you wouldn't say there was much wrong with the new generation?

HAMILTON: I am perfectly certain that the enthusiasm for childhood and youth which is a characteristic of the post-War world is as strong in Russia as anywhere—probably stronger. I am perfectly certain great efforts are being made to bring up the younger generation not only with good communist minds but with healthy bodies. Bringing up a healthy generation is a big job in a country where food is often the reverse of plentiful; and it was in those regions of the U.S.S.R. where scarcity was acute that I saw what one may call the failures of the system—the vagabond children whom the Russians call 'the roofless ones'. There were a good many knocking about last year, I assure you.

BROWN: Yes, but you must remember that last year was an exceptionally hard one, and there are not nearly so many of these vagabond children today. A lot of them have been collected into children's homes, where they are given physical training as well as education. By the way, what did you think of sport in Russia?

HAMILTON: Nothing, I'm afraid, because I know so little about it. I was taken to see the sports ground and stadium at Kharkov, but there was nothing going on. But it was on an imposing scale.

BROWN: Yes, big stadiums like that have been opened in all the principal towns—just like our football grounds in appearance—where various ball-game fields, running tracks and tennis courts have been laid out. The government chiefs are trying hard to make the Russian sport-conscious—but it is a tough job. At present the national sport is talking over glasses of tea, and if you won't play they don't like it! I played football in Leningrad with a scratch team of factory workers. They understood the rules well enough, and some of them were pretty good. But two of the crack teams I saw at the Dynamo Stadium in Moscow were not as good as our Wednesday League sides. They have grasped the rules, however, which is more than we can say of most Continental nations! One of the newest schemes is the all-round sports badge—a medal worn on the left breast. This is awarded to people who can reach the minimum standards for a number of events, including the high and long jumps, the 100 metres, 3 miles, swimming a length, and so on. The standards aren't very high—3 miles in 20 minutes, 4 feet 6 in the high jump—but as an all-round test it is stiff. The important thing about their sport is that the people are encouraged to play and not to watch. The workers have only recently had time for sport. They have far more leisure than before, and what is more they know how to use it. It is true that there is no night life or any so-called 'lively places' to see, but that doesn't mean that people can't enjoy themselves. They meet to gossip in the

Houses of Culture, go to cinemas and theatres, and then there are the lectures on all sorts of subjects, which are very popular.

HAMILTON: What struck me about the amusements was the popularity of the old plays and operas and ballets; and I can't help thinking that the reason why they are so popular is because their bright dresses and uniforms are a relief from the prevailing drabness.

BROWN: Life seems drab in some ways, I know, but when you dig down and see the real lives of the people, you can see that they aren't dull, and are as happy as people anywhere else. A social of the Young Communist League I attended was a jolly affair—even if the atmosphere was a bit different from that of socials in Britain or Germany.

HAMILTON: What I felt about leisure was that there were only a few stereotyped ways of spending it—such as in the amusements grounds which they call Parks of Rest and Culture.

BROWN: There is no difficulty about having extra time on their hands. There is always plenty to do. The gain of extra leisure has meant that a worker can throw himself into the pastime he enjoys, whether it is bee-keeping or boat-building. There are, of course, people who just laze around, drink beer, and sleep most of the day. But you will have them under any system. Anyway, I don't think there's the slightest hope of capitalism returning.

HAMILTON: No, it doesn't look like it, but obviously there have been modifications of the original revolutionary ideas. For instance, what we've already touched on—in equality in wages, payment by results. Then in some of the new build-

ings, at any rate, there's a system that looks very like private property in housing. As it was described to me, you buy your tenement, your flat, by the hire-purchase method, just as you can buy a villa on the Great West Road. And then there's the system of investment in Government Loans, investment for interest which once was a thing accursed! Last year, when I was there, there was a terrific drive to get people to invest in the Second Five Year Loan—premium bonds on 10 per cent. interest.

BROWN: These loans are not compulsory, they are similar to our Post Office savings scheme. It wouldn't be possible for a man to live on his interest, as his ration card would be taken away, and without a ration card you have a very thin time!

HAMILTON: I'm afraid I don't agree about the loans not being compulsory, because what happened last year was that the trade unions met and decided what their members were to invest—usually a month's salary; I have this from patriotic Russian trade unionists who entirely approved. But after all, compulsion is a minor point. We aren't compelled here to invest our savings in Government Loan or building societies—but directly we've done it, we're capitalists and so are these Russians. If these Five Year Plans are going on, and the money to finance them is raised in the same way, there will soon be a very large clan of small investors—small capitalists—who, in addition to their earnings, draw dividends from Government loans.

BROWN: I don't believe for a moment that there is any chance of that happening. The young generation is saturated with Communist ideas, and then there is the huge propaganda machinery, which will go on having a tremendous effect.

HAMILTON: Yes, no doubt of that, and no doubt about the bigness of their ideas. Sometimes, do you know, I think that a weakness—their ideas are rather too big—I mean they're trying to run before they can walk.

BROWN: Well, I went among the workers, lived their life and shared their food for a short time, and although I am no Communist, I would say that Russia is the land not of drabness and despair, but of struggle and sacrifice for a brave new world.



In a skate-factory, where former thieves may learn a trade or make use of the skill they have developed in the prison workshop

From 'U.S.S.R. in Construction'

Soviet Graphic Art

Some examples from the exhibition of Russian paintings, drawings and engravings now on view at the Bloomsbury Gallery, 34 Bloomsbury Street. W.C. 1



Dneprostroy, by Dormidontov



Kirghiz collective farmer, by Maleina



Sea, Crimea, by Deineka



The Listener

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The Depressed Areas

THE announcement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Government, in a time of rigid economy, are setting aside £2,000,000 from current revenue as a beginning in the task of coping with the special difficulties of the depressed areas brings out clearly the magnitude of the problem those areas present. On another page we print an account by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe of the debate in the House on November 14 at which this announcement was made. The text-book which Members of Parliament had by them for that debate, and upon whose recommendations the Government is now taking action, is a blue book issued by the Ministry of Labour, whose four parts give a vivid and grim picture of conditions in those parts of England officially described as 'certain depressed areas'. They are areas in West Cumberland, Durham and Tyneside, South Wales and Monmouthshire, and South-West Scotland round the Clyde, which used to be the centres of great activity in the mining of coal and iron-ore and allied trades. They are districts in which the events of the last few years have intensified an already serious position. The special activities of which they were the seat developed in the last century, when Britain was the workshop of the world, and when British ships built with British materials and burning British coal carried that coal and other heavy cargoes all over the globe. The shrinkage in the volume of international trade in the last few years has come on top of unemployment, due to the increasing competition of other parts of the world, which have learned to provide for themselves instead of relying upon Great Britain. What we have to face in the depressed areas is the case of victims of these tendencies, as well as other tendencies monetary and political, which have destroyed the markets or deflected the trade routes of the past.

The Report of the special investigators who were sent to the depressed areas now looks the facts fully in the face. It recognises that even if the local industries were restored to full employing capacity there would still remain large numbers of people who could not hope for work in these localities. Thus in the South Wales area investigated, where nearly 50 per cent. of the

insured workers are unemployed, only two-thirds could be absorbed by existing industries if by some happy chance they should recover. On Tyneside, of some 140,000 unemployed, 63,000 have been out for over two years and 40,000 for over three years. In Scotland, in the Clyde and Lanarkshire area, some 60,000 men have been continuously unemployed.

The position plainly calls for large-scale measures and for a reorientation of ideas. Among the many palliatives that the investigators' reports discuss, such as the deliberate placing of Government factories in hard-hit spots, or the granting of long-term Government contracts to manufacturers who undertake to set up their factories there, the most hopeful line of progress is everywhere found to lie in the land. 'No comprehensive survey of the condition of the Durham coalfield can avoid the conclusion that the ultimate destiny of a large part of the country now industrialised must be to return to agriculture'. Or: 'The difficulties involved in any land settlement policy are fully appreciated, but I submit that they ought to be faced. It can at any rate be said that, given the right conditions, there is a real prospect of success in West Cumberland'. Or this, from the South Wales section: 'I found that in every district there is a great desire for men to have the opportunity for obtaining smallholdings and of being transferred to a district suitable for this form of agriculture'. From Scotland, the newly-appointed Commissioner reports to the same effect. When the industrial system began, it began as a by-product, an additional source of earning for agricultural labourers. Not to have all your eggs in the same basket is a maxim of common prudence which wage-earners in large towns have little chance to observe; but in the depressed areas, where the land has been too much neglected in the past, a beginning can be made towards recombining part-time employment for wages with the ownership of property, of small but invaluable parcels of land on which men can keep pigs and poultry and grow vegetables and fruit. Much of the undernourishment, much of the tedium and discouragement, caused by the lack of regular work, can be removed if men by their own energies are put in the position to improve and to balance the diet of their families. The experiments in aid of the populations of the depressed areas, who have for so long borne misfortunes of particular severity with outstanding courage, are likely to prove of wider general significance as paving the way for a more balanced economy, both personal and national, in this island which has relied too greatly hitherto on its export trade and must now balance the factory and the mine with the market garden.

Week by Week

IT is certainly a curious fact, and one that lights up a whole stage of our history, that the galleries of a town with such a democratic tradition as Birmingham should now be wearing so very aristocratic an air. For there is no doubt that the Treasures of the Midlands Exhibition, illustrated in this issue, is predominantly an aristocratic one, reflecting not the rise of industry which made the city famous, but life as lived through four centuries in the great country-houses of Oxford, Warwick, Stafford, Salop, and the other Midland counties within fifty miles of Birmingham. Here are their pedigrees, their armour and their family plate; their china and their furniture; their tapestries, their snuff-boxes and their ladies' fine embroidery; and above all, their family portraits. Sometimes these are by the most famous and fashionable English and foreign painters of the day, sometimes by lesser-known men who were probably employed much as the family silver-smith and gunmaker were employed, and who gradually worked their way through all the members of a family. Thus the Newdegates of today have been able to lend ancestors by Lely, Gerard Zoust, Romney, Reynolds, and numerous lesser-known English painters; there are Lytteltons by Batoni,

Richard Wilson, Lely and Samuel Cooper; and Legges by Romney, Hoppner, Downman, Reynolds, Kneller and Tilly Kettle. In the eighteenth century they took to having their children painted more often, and called in Stubbs and John Wootton for their hunters and their dogs. From time to time, a member of the family would look for his pictures beyond his own relatives, and buy landscapes, or genre pictures, or bring back from the Continent work by the great foreign masters. Hence the Rembrandts, Salvator Rosas, Moronis, Fragonards, Avercamps, Italian drawings, and other fine works of foreign schools which add so much to the interest of the Exhibition; while contacts even further afield are shown in the incense-burner, pot-pourri bowl and carpet brought back from Persia by Sir Harford Jones-Brydges about 1801. The other side of the English tradition is shown in some of the ecclesiastical silver, missals, illuminated MSS., printed books and so forth, which are good examples of the sound craftsmanship that flourished in towns and villages as well as in castles and manor-houses. The Exhibition ends, appropriately, with David Cox—a Birmingham artist working at a time when the aristocratic tradition was giving way to all that Birmingham stands for. The present occasion is certainly one for provincial pride, both in the resources of the great houses of the Midlands, and in the municipality which has now arranged their public display.

* * *

Are there too many cinemas? Some figures published not long ago suggested that a large percentage of the smaller picture theatres were earning inadequate takings of £48 per week or less. Now, the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association has drawn attention to what it calls 'the menace of over-building in the film industry', in an address given by Mr. Sam Eckman concerning the former boom in cinema building in the United States and its tendency to occur again over here. 'During the last two years', says Mr. Eckman, 'cinemas have been constructed and are continuing to be constructed in ever-increasing numbers in communities where there is no need for them, nor any likelihood of a rapidly approaching need'. This is partly attributable to a form of speculation emanating from architects and builders who have no permanent attachment to the industry. 'With local money a cinema is built, and then sold or leased to someone who is impressionable enough to take it over. The promoters take their profit, and then look for another site. The financial effect upon the existing cinemas is not their concern'. Any desire to check legitimate progress or to stop new building altogether is explicitly repudiated in this pamphlet; but the suggestion is put forward that local authorities should in future have regard to the number of existing cinemas in a neighbourhood when they are dealing with applications for new cinematograph licences. There is, of course, another aspect of the problem which is not touched upon here: the broad classification of picture-houses into two categories, those which are owned or controlled by chains or circuits, sometimes dependent upon particular film-producing companies, and those which are 'independent'. The suggested check upon the building of new cinemas, where they would appear to be redundant, will be considered also from the point of view of the desirability of preventing the disappearance of the independently-owned cinema. A new cinema built as a speculation by local money is not usually in the first instance one attached to a chain or circuit. Authorities might, therefore, consider, when dealing with applications for new licences, not only how far the existing local provision of cinemas was adequate, but also how close was any danger of monopoly control. With this qualification, most people would agree with the taking of reasonable steps to prevent redundancy of cinemas.

* * *

All who follow the fortunes of the Colonial Empire will be interested in the Report which has just appeared on Leave and Passage conditions in the Colonial Services. It is the Report of a Committee set up by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, because he was struck with the marked absence of any uniformity in the conditions prevailing in the different Colonies. He asked the Committee to lay down general and fundamental considerations, and their Report does so. The great importance of leave that officials can spend in this country without being harassed, if they are married and with families, by considerations as to whether they can afford the passages, and the relative value-

lessness of leave spent locally, are clearly laid down, and the Committee recommend that the time spent on the journey, even from the furthest Colonies, like Seychelles or Fiji, is not to count at all towards leave, and officers are to be encouraged to travel by air. More generous treatment in the matter of passage money is accordingly recommended, so that in general officials and their wives will travel with their passages paid. On the other hand, the length of service or 'tours', as they are called, will be slightly increased. The Colonies are being divided into four groups: those in the Mediterranean like Cyprus and Malta; secondly, the West African Colonies and Somaliland; thirdly, a large group of the other African Colonies; and a final group of the Colonies considered most healthy, including the larger West Indian Colonies and Kenya. In the first two groups men will serve from eighteen months to two years, in the third from two years to three, and in the fourth from three years to four. These periods must be elastic in the case of technical officers whose work in such fields as agricultural economics or veterinary duty makes it necessary for them to keep in close touch with scientific centres in this country. For them a shorter period is much more important to prevent staleness than in the case of officers at colonial capitals with more general duties. It is the smaller Colonies which have most to gain from the introduction of greater uniformity of conditions. For too long in the past Colonial Governments have recruited independently for posts which have proved to be backwaters, leading nowhere, and in which a technical officer has felt isolated with no one to talk to on his special subject and with no incentive to keep himself abreast of its progress. The great difficulty in improving the conditions is of course the great poverty of Colonial Governments. They obtain their revenues from their local products, from the indirect taxation of poor, often primitive, populations, and good conditions for British officials can only be maintained if the number of those officials is kept small. The line of development seems to be to attract the best type of recruit by the offer of responsible work and reasonable amenities in these matters of leave and passage, and to rely more and more, as education in the Colonies progresses, upon local officials for all the secondary and subordinate tasks.

* * *

The Forestry Commission has just begun work on its winter programme, comprising the planting of 50,000,000 trees over an area of 21,000 acres. No doubt, as in past schemes of afforestation, a large proportion of these trees will be conifers—presumably because of the rapidity at which they can be grown. Economic interest must, of course, be prominent in any national afforestation scheme, yet, as Professor G. M. Trevelyan has recently pointed out, there are other important aspects which it would be dangerous to forget. Indeed, even from an economic point of view, while it is impossible to foretell the marketing conditions of the future, it would surely be unwise to denude this country of its natural hardwood trees and to depend entirely upon the timber of conifers, in the production of which we are at an obvious disadvantage compared with Scandinavia and Russia. But it is from the point of view of landscape and scenery that the importance of the deciduous tree is most apparent. As Professor Trevelyan points out, 'if the State undertakes to reconstitute the scenery of the island by the direct action of the Forestry Commission and by the advice the Commission gives to landowners, one consideration ought to be the continuation of a fair proportion of old English forest timber'. If the policy of cutting hedgewood timber and hardwood groves and either not replacing them, or replacing them with conifers, continues, within a hundred years our island scenery will have almost lost one of its chief glories. Nor is it merely a question of preserving the oak, the ash and the thorn; with the English deciduous trees are associated a variety of plants and animals, and a distinctive type of undergrowth, to which the roots of the conifers are hostile. It means that 'the English woodland of the future' is being planned as 'a vast German forest of conifer'. One has only to consider what the English landscape would be like without its seasonal variety of foliage to realise the important consequences that hang upon an afforestation policy. And besides schemes for afforestation, there are development plans, for new roads, etc., involving the planting of trees. Here, too, it would surely be well to prefer those trees that blend most naturally with the English countryside.

Poverty in Plenty

Is the Economic System Self-adjusting?

By J. M. KEYNES

IF we consider what has been said in these talks so far, it is clear, I think, that there is one point about which we all agree—a point which was rightly emphasised by Mr. Henderson. The point is this. Whatever may be the best remedy for Poverty in Plenty, we must reject all those alleged remedies which consist, in substance, of getting rid of the Plenty. It may be true, for various reasons, that, as the potential plenty increases, the problem of getting the fruits of it distributed to the great body of consumers will present increasing difficulties. But it is to the analysis and solution of these difficulties that we must direct our minds. To seek an escape by making the productive machine less productive must be wrong. I often find myself in favour of measures to restrict output as a temporary palliative or to meet an emergency. But the temper of mind which turns too easily to restriction is dangerous. For it has nothing useful to contribute to the permanent solution.

But this is another way of saying that we must not regard the conditions of supply—that is to say, our facilities to produce—as being the fundamental source of our troubles. And, if this is agreed, it seems to follow that it is the conditions of demand which our diagnosis must search and probe for the explanation. Indeed, it is, I think, fair to say that all the contributors to these talks meet to this extent on common ground. If you will examine carefully what they have told you, you will find that each one of them finds the major part of his explanation in some factor which relates to the conditions of demand. But though we, your mentors, all start out in the same direction, we soon part company into two main groups. And even within each group every one of us has a somewhat different explanation of what is wrong with demand, and, consequently, a different idea of the right remedy. Between us, perhaps, we shall succeed in giving you a fair sample of the competing opinions of the contemporary world.

Economic Self-Adjustment—Fast or Slow?

I have said that we fall into two main groups. What is it that makes the cleavage which thus divides us? On the one side are those who believe that the existing economic system is, in the long run, a self-adjusting system, though with creaks and groans and jerks, and interrupted by time-lags, outside interference and mistakes. Of those who adhere, broadly speaking, to this school of thought, Mr. Henderson lays stress on the increased difficulty of *rapid* self-adjustment to change, rightly attaching importance to the greater loss and delay involved in a change-over from one type of production to another—when changes in technique or in tastes make this necessary—in an environment where population and markets are no longer expanding rapidly; whilst Mr. Brand stresses the growing tendency for outside interference to hinder the processes of self-adjustment; and Professor Robbins, to judge from his syllabus, stresses the effect of business mistakes under the influence of the uncertainty and the false expectations due to the faults of post-War monetary systems. These authorities do not, of course, believe that the system is automatically or immediately self-adjusting. But they do believe that it has an inherent tendency towards self-adjustment, if it is not interfered with and if the action of change and chance is not too rapid.

Self-Adjustment v. Planning

On the other side of the gulf are those who reject the idea that the existing economic system is, in any significant sense, self-adjusting. They believe that the failure of effective demand to reach the full potentialities of supply, in spite of human psychological demand being immensely far from satisfied for the vast majority of individuals, is due to much more fundamental causes. Dr. Dalton stresses the great inequality of incomes which causes a separation between the power to consume and the desire to consume. Mr. Hobson believes that the great resources at the disposal of the *entrepreneur* are a chronic cause of his setting up plant capable of producing more than the limited resources of the consumer can absorb.

Mr. Orage demanded a method of increasing consumer power so as to overcome the difficulties pointed out by Dr. Dalton and Mr. Hobson. Mrs. Wootton, who is to contribute to this series next week, calls for planning, although she only half-rejects the theory of self-adjustment, having not yet reached, one feels, a synthesis satisfactory to herself between her intellectual theory and her spiritual home.

The gulf between these two schools of thought is deeper, I believe, than most of those on either side of it are aware of. On which side does the essential truth lie? That is the vital question for us to solve. That is the overshadowing problem of which these talks should make you clearly conscious, if they are to serve their purpose.

I can scarcely begin here to give you the reasons for what I believe to be the right answer. But I can tell you on which side of the gulf I myself stand; and I can give you a brief indication of what has to be settled before either school can thoroughly dispose of its adversary.

Findings of the Modern Heretics

The strength of the self-adjusting school depends on its having behind it almost the whole body of organised economic thinking and doctrine of the last hundred years. This is a formidable power. It is the product of acute minds and has persuaded and convinced the great majority of the intelligent and disinterested persons who have studied it. It has vast prestige and a more far-reaching influence than is obvious. For it lies behind the education and the habitual modes of thought, not only of economists, but of bankers and business men and civil servants and politicians of all parties. The essential elements in it are fervently accepted by Marxists. Indeed, Marxism is a highly plausible inference from the Ricardian economics, that capitalistic individualism cannot possibly work in practice. So much so, that, if Ricardian economics were to fall, an essential prop to the intellectual foundations of Marxism would fall with it.

Thus, if the heretics on the other side of the gulf are to demolish the forces of nineteenth-century orthodoxy—and I include Marxism in orthodoxy equally with *laissez-faire*, these two being the nineteenth-century twins of Say and Ricardo—they must attack them in their citadel. No successful attack has yet been made. The heretics of today are the descendants of a long line of heretics who, overwhelmed but never extinguished, have survived as isolated groups of cranks. They are deeply dissatisfied. They believe that common observation is enough to show that facts do not conform to the orthodox reasoning. They propose remedies prompted by instinct, by flair, by practical good sense, by experience of the world—half-right, most of them, and half-wrong. Contemporary discontents have given them a volume of popular support and an opportunity for propagating their ideas such as they have not had for several generations. But they have made no impression on the citadel. Indeed, many of them themselves accept the orthodox premises; and it is only because their flair is stronger than their logic that they do not accept its conclusions.

Where is the Fatal Flaw?

Now I range myself with the heretics. I believe their flair and their instinct move them towards the right conclusion. But I was brought up in the citadel and I recognise its power and might. A large part of the established body of economic doctrine I cannot but accept as broadly correct. I do not doubt it. For me, therefore, it is impossible to rest satisfied until I can put my finger on the flaw in that part of the orthodox reasoning which leads to the conclusions which for various reasons seem to me to be unacceptable. I believe that I am on my way to do so. There is, I am convinced, a fatal flaw in that part of the orthodox reasoning which deals with the theory of what determines the level of effective demand and the volume of aggregate employment; the flaw being largely due to the failure of the classical doctrine to develop a satisfactory theory of the rate of interest.

Put very briefly, the point is something like this. Any individual, if he finds himself with a certain income, will, according to his habits, his tastes and his motives towards prudence, spend a portion of it on consumption and the rest he will save. If his income increases, he will almost certainly consume more than before but it is highly probable that he will also save more. That is to say, he will not increase his consumption by the full amount of the increase in his income. Thus if a given national income is less equally divided, or, if the national income increases so that individual incomes are greater than before, the gap between total incomes and the total expenditure on consumption is likely to widen. But incomes can only be generated by producing goods for consumption or by producing goods for use as capital. Thus the gap between total incomes and expenditure on consumption *cannot* be greater than the amount of new capital which it is thought worth while to produce. Consequently, our habit of withholding from consumption an increasing sum as our incomes increase means that it is impossible for our incomes to increase unless either we change our habits so as to consume more or the business world calculates that it is worth while to produce more capital goods. For, failing both these alternatives, the increased employment and output, by which alone increased incomes can be generated, will prove unprofitable and will not persist.

Now the school which believes in self-adjustment is, in fact, assuming that the rate of interest adjusts itself more or less automatically, so as to encourage just the right amount of production of capital goods to keep our incomes at the maximum level which our energies and our organisation and our knowledge of how to produce efficiently are capable of providing. This is, however, pure assumption. There is no theoretical reason for believing it to be true. A very moderate amount of observation of the facts, unclouded by preconceptions, is sufficient to show that they do not bear it out. Those standing on my side of the gulf, whom I have ventured to describe as half-right and half-wrong, have perceived this; and they conclude that the only remedy is for us to change the distribution of wealth and modify our habits in such a way as to increase our propensity to spend our incomes on current consumption. I agree with them in thinking that this would be a remedy. But I disagree with them when they go further and argue that it is the only remedy. For there is an alternative, namely, to increase the output of capital goods by reducing the rate of interest and in other ways.

When the rate of interest has fallen to a very low figure and has remained there sufficiently long to show that there is no further capital construction worth doing even at that low rate, then I should agree that the facts point to the necessity of drastic social changes directed towards increasing consumption. For it would be clear that we already had as great a stock of capital as we could usefully employ.

'Get Rid of the Scarcity of Capital Goods'

Even as things are, there is a strong presumption that a greater equality of incomes would lead to increased employment and greater aggregate income. But hitherto the rate of interest has been too high to allow us to have all the capital goods, particularly houses, which would be useful to us. Thus, at present, it is important to maintain a careful balance between stimulating consumption and stimulating investment. Economic welfare and social well-being will be increased in the long run by a policy which tends to make capital goods so abundant, that the reward which can be gained from owning them falls to so modest a figure as to be no longer a serious burden on anyone. The right course is to get rid of the scarcity of capital goods—which will rid us at the same time of most of the evils of capitalism—whilst also moving in the direction of increasing the share of income falling to those whose economic welfare will gain most by their having the chance to consume more.

None of this, however, will happen by itself or of its own accord. The system is not self-adjusting, and, without purposive direction, it is incapable of translating our actual poverty into our potential plenty.

To develop so fundamental a matter any further than this would obviously lead us far beyond the opportunities of this brief talk. I will add no more than this: if the basic system of thought on which Mr. Henderson, Mr. Brand and Professor Robbins rely is, in its essentials, unassailable, then there is no

escape from their broad conclusions, namely, that, whilst there are increasingly perplexing problems and plenty of opportunities to make disastrous mistakes, yet nevertheless we must keep our heads and depend on the ultimate soundness of the traditional teaching—the proposals of the heretics, however plausible and even advantageous in the short run, being essentially superficial and ultimately dangerous. Only if they are successfully attacked in the citadel can we reasonably ask them to look at the problem in a radically new way.

Need for the Solving of an Intellectual Problem

Meanwhile I hope we shall await, with what patience we can command, a successful outcome of the great activity of thought amongst economists today—a fever of activity such as has not been known for a century. We are, in my very confident belief—a belief, I fear, shared by few, either on the right or on the left—at one of those uncommon junctures of human affairs where we can be saved by the solution of an intellectual problem, and in no other way. If we know the whole truth already, we shall not succeed indefinitely in avoiding a clash of human passions seeking an escape from the intolerable. But I have a better hope.

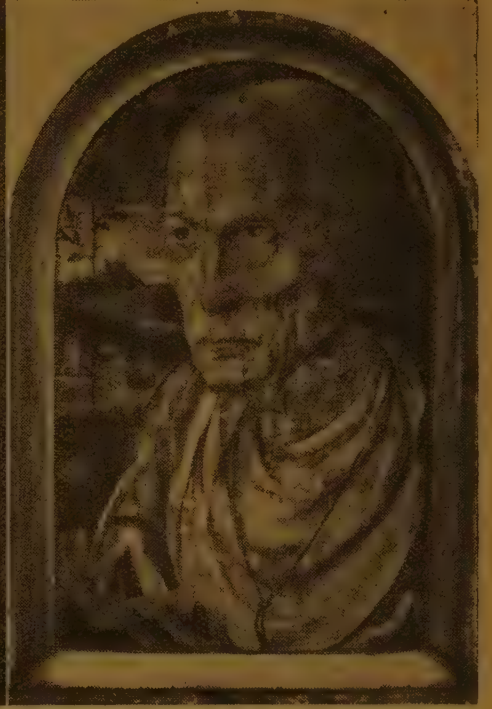
Meanwhile, it is not unlikely that English principles of compromise will mitigate the evils of the situation by leading statesmen and administrators to temper the worst consequences of the errors of the teaching in which they have been brought up by doing things which are quite inconsistent with their own principles, in practice neither orthodox nor heretic, of which some signs are already manifest.

Comments by Mr. Hutton

MR. KEYNES HAS EMPHASISED the importance of distributing plenty, not just damping down our productive furnaces. He is concerned to show where the orthodox economics of the 'self-adjusting system', and also where the Socialist criticisms of that system, alike break down. He ranges himself with 'the heretics' and thinks he has a clue in the role played by the rate of interest—a role which, he thinks, has never been satisfactorily explained by the classical economics. As incomes rise, or as more of the total national income goes to the rich, more saving than spending is likely to take place. The orthodox economists say that the rate of interest will then come down and the savings will be changed into incomes by their investment in making capital goods and productive apparatus. But Mr. Keynes does not think that the rate of interest actually accomplishes this today. He thinks that, though the rate of interest may fall to very low levels, the utilisation of savings for making new preparatory methods and new productive apparatus—and in that way their redistribution in wages for workers on this new apparatus—does not mop up all the available savings. He thinks the rate of interest in the future should fall to a 'naturally' lower level; that then we should see if sufficient capital construction is undertaken to mop up all our present savings fund; and that, only if the savings are not then mopped up should we think of drastic alterations to the economic system. Mr. Keynes believes that if the interest rate *did* fall low enough, the cost of making capital apparatus would be so cheap, and the reward for saving, and therefore of owning the capital apparatus, would be so low, that the great increase in the capital equipment of the community would make a greater output of plenty possible, without the burden of the cost of the equipment being really a very important factor. In doing this, we should actually be redistributing the national income, giving more to wages, less to capital; and only if this system fails should we turn to more extreme measures. But Mr. Keynes also says that this won't happen of itself; that the system is not self-adjusting. How, then, is it to happen? By 'purposive direction' does he imply that the Government and its economic advisers in future will have to cheapen money more and more, and hope that those who save will still save the same proportions of their incomes as before? Perhaps they, and not the poor, will do the spending first, and put up the interest rate and lower unemployment that way. How much lower must the interest rate go before the capital goods really get produced? These are some of the questions most economists are cracking their brains over today. Perhaps, before cranks or extremists gain control of the economic system, economists themselves will produce 'a still more excellent way'. Mr. Keynes hopes so, too.

Art Treasures of the Midlands

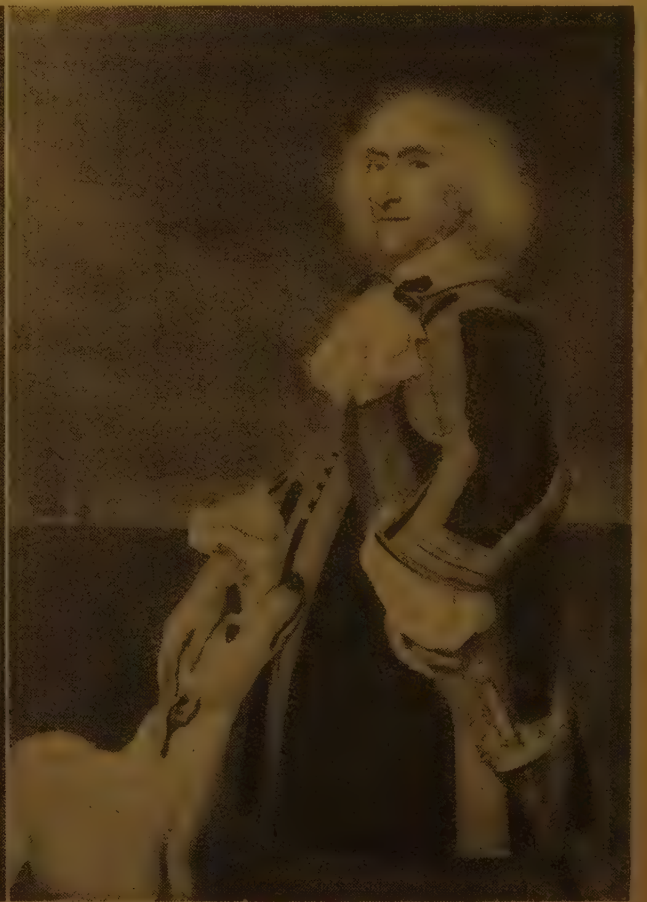
Examples from the Exhibition now in progress at the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, which is open till December 6—weekdays, 10 to 8, and Sundays, 2 to 5. Editorial reference on page 848



Left: *A Musical Conversation*, attributed to Gerard van Honthorst. Right: *Jack o' Kent*, a famous Welsh border poet and magician, by an artist of the Flemish School (c. 1420)

Lent by the Lord Somers

Lent by Mrs. Lucas-Scudamore



Portrait of a Boy, attributed to William Dobson

Portrait of a Gentleman, by Terborch

Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill



Sibylla of Cleves and her son, by Lucas Cranach the Elder

Lent by the Earl of Warwick



Queen Elizabeth, by Guillim Streetes



America: one of a set of tapestries showing the Four Continents (late 17th or early 18th century)

Lent by G. Baron Ash, Esq.

A Tour Through Time and Space

The Milky Way—A Great City of Stars

By SIR JAMES JEANS

LAST week we were considering the great variety of stars in space—stars a million times bigger than our sun and stars a million times smaller, stars far hotter and stars much cooler, stars hundreds of thousands of times more brilliant and stars so feeble that their light is almost negligible in comparison with that of our sun. Now I must introduce you to yet another kind of star—the variable star. We may congratulate ourselves that our sun is not much larger or much smaller, much hotter or much colder, than he actually is, for if he were any of these things life would be impossible on earth. But we may also congratulate ourselves that he is a steady, reliable sort of sun. We need have no anxiety that when he rises tomorrow morning he will have shrunk to half the size he had when he set this afternoon, or that he will only be giving out a quarter as much light and heat. Yet there are a number of stars in the sky which do behave in such odd ways as this; their light and heat, size and brilliance are continually varying.

Strange Behaviour of Variable Stars

A conspicuous instance is the star known as Mira Ceti—which means 'the wonderful star in the constellation of Cetus, the whale'. The peculiar behaviour of this star has been known for centuries—since 1596, to be exact. You will easily be able to identify the star with the help of a star map, and by watching it month after month, you will be able to see for yourselves, without the help of a telescope, that its brilliance is continually changing. Sometimes it is the brightest star in its own part of the sky; at other times, as now, it is too faint to be seen at all without a telescope. At its faintest, it gives out only about a 300th part as much light as at its brightest. Other stars vary even more—the star 'Chi' Cygni has been observed to sink to about a 35,000th part of its original brightness in the course of eight months.

Many, although not all, of these variable stars repeat exactly the same fluctuations of brightness time after time at absolutely regular intervals. We still do not know why this should be; the mechanism which causes the fluctuations is still unknown to us, but whatever their cause and origin may be, these fluctuations are of the greatest importance to astronomy.

These variable stars fluctuate at very different speeds. In the quickest of them the whole cycle of fluctuations is completed in a few hours; in the slowest, it is a matter of months. In my last talk I explained how we can estimate the size, temperature and other physical characteristics of a star. It is true that we were speaking then of ordinary steady stars, but we can treat variable stars in just the same way. And when we do this we find that all stars which have the same period of fluctuation, whatever this may be, are built after the same pattern; all have approximately the same average size, average temperature and so forth, and so give out approximately the same amount of radiation. For instance, all stars whose complete light fluctuation takes a week, give out approximately 600 times as much radiation as the sun. In terms of candle-power, if you like big numbers, each such star is a lamp of 100,000 quadrillion candle-power; the number is a 1 followed by 29 zeros. In the same way, all stars whose light fluctuation takes three months give out approximately 15,000 times as much radiation as the sun.

You will see from these two examples that these stars are enormously more powerful than the sun—indeed, they are among the most powerful of all known stars. We may think of them as beacondlights or searchlights of tremendous power, scattered about through space. And their great importance to astronomy is that we can measure the candle-power of any star at once by the simple process of noticing how long it takes to pass through its complete cycle of fluctuations. Although these stars give out so enormously more radiation than the sun, most of them look quite faint in the sky. This, of course, shows that they are very remote. Indeed, from their apparent faintness we can tell precisely how remote they are, since we know their candle-power.

This procedure gives us a sort of measuring rod for sounding the remote depths of space. We have other methods for measuring the distances of the nearer stars, but the variable

stars make it possible for us to measure the much greater distances at which the simpler methods would fail hopelessly. What is usually important to us is not so much the distance of any individual star as that of the structure in which it occurs. For instance, here and there in the sky we see the strange and mysterious objects known as globular clusters—they are rather like huge bunches of grapes, each grape being a star. Or, perhaps better still, we may compare them to swarms of bees—hundred of thousands of bees to a swarm, and each bee is a star.

Light that Takes 200,000 Years to Reach Us

Now, careful study shows that many of the stars in these clusters are variable stars of the kind I have just described—they fluctuate perfectly regularly in brightness; some slowly, others rapidly. This being so, we can discover the candle-power of any one of them at once, and from this we can estimate the distance of the cluster—actually the astronomer uses all the stars, and is gratified to find that they all agree in telling very approximately the same story. It is quite an interesting and important story. In the first place, all the clusters are found to be very remote; even the nearest is so distant that its light, travelling at ten million miles a minute, has taken about 20,000 years to reach us. At such an immense distance, no individual star is bright enough to be seen without a powerful telescope; to our unaided eyes, the whole cluster of hundreds of thousands of stars looks like a faint blur of light which we can only just see. And the furthest of the clusters is ten times as far away as this; its light takes 200,000 years to reach us, and it cannot be seen at all without a telescope. Its light started out on its journey before man had appeared on earth at all, when the earth was still dominated by weird reptiles.

When we plot out the positions and distances of these huge clusters of stars in space a remarkable fact emerges. We might perhaps have expected that the clusters would be scattered more or less at random through space, lying in all directions equally and occurring at all distances up to the limits of vision of our telescopes. Such does not prove to be the case. The clusters do not extend through the whole of space, but are all confined within a flat volume, which is shaped rather like a coin or a bun. If we take an ordinary currant bun containing about 80 currants and imagine all the stodgy part—the flour, milk and so forth—to dissolve into nothingness, leaving the currants standing just as and where they were, we shall have a very good model of the way the globular clusters are arranged in space—each currant is a cluster of hundreds of thousands of stars. Our earth is right inside this bun-shaped space, but it is nowhere near the middle, so that the clusters do not lie around us equally in all directions, but lie mainly in one part of the sky. If you like to compare the space to a coin, take a penny, bore a hole through it somewhere not far from the top of Britannia's shield, and we are exactly half-way through the hole. Or, if you prefer to compare it to a bun, we are almost exactly half-way between the top and bottom of the bun, but are also about a third of the way from the centre to the rim. Inside this bun-shaped space there are not only globular clusters, but also, of course, a vast number of isolated individual stars—indeed, we know that our sun is one such star.

Beyond the Stars

Now let us go back to something I mentioned in my first talk. In this we imagined ourselves travelling through space with the speed of light, and after travelling for many thousands of years we noticed that the stars were beginning to thin out. We travelled still further and found that they had ended completely, our path was no longer lit with stars; we were in the darkness of outer space. And as we passed still further on, we saw that the stars through which we had been travelling formed a compact group which gradually took shape as we receded from it. It was like passing out of the lighted streets of a great city into the open countryside beyond. It is not until we are well clear of the city streets that we can see the shape and general outline of the city through which we have been travelling.



Globular star-cluster

This contains hundreds of thousands of stars, but is so remote that only the very brightest are visible

Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, Victoria, B.C.

All this is very simple for a person who is free to travel about through space. Unhappily we are not; we are compelled to remain for ever inside our group of stars, which we can only survey from the inside. Yet with a moderately powerful telescope we can see to well outside the group, so that the problem of determining the shape of the group is not insoluble, although it may be difficult. Those who have worked on it are agreed that the group of stars is shaped like a flat disc; it is shaped, in fact, like the bun-shaped or coin-shaped space within which the globular clusters lie. And of recent years it has become increasingly clear that the two spaces are actually the same; in other words, that where the globular clusters come to an end, the stars also come to an end—the same coin-shaped or bun-shaped space that forms the limit of the system of globular clusters also forms the limit of the system of stars. But it is the globular clusters, with their variable stars, that have made it possible to map out the coin-shaped space with accuracy. The diameter of the coin is found to be about 250,000 light years—that is to say, it would take us about 250,000 years to cross the coin, if we could travel with the speed of light.

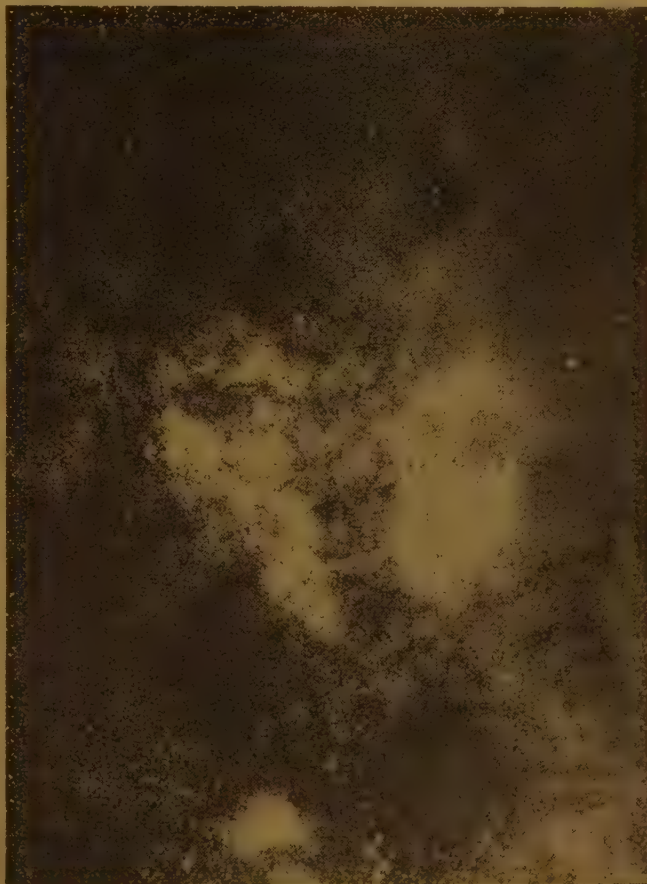
Our Coin-Shaped Star-System

And now we can, I think, understand why the sky appears as it does to us when we look upwards on a clear night. When we turn our eyes upwards we are looking through a layer of stars into the outer space beyond our system of stars. If our system of stars were globular in shape, and we were at its centre, the layer of stars between us and outer space would be of the same thickness, no matter in what direction we looked. Thus the general appearance of the sky would be the same in all directions. Actually, the system of stars is not of a globular shape; it is coin-shaped, and we are situated in the central plane of the coin. The consequence is that the layer of stars through which we have to look is of different thickness in different directions. It is, of course, thinnest when we look directly towards either face of the coin—here we are looking through a layer of stars which is only a few thousands of light years in thickness; only this thin layer stands between us and empty

space. When we look in this direction we see a picture whose foreground is a thin layer of stars, while there is no background except the blackness of empty space. Now let us look towards the rim of the coin, and we shall have to look through a far thicker layer of stars before we come to empty space. In whatever direction we look, this layer is something like 100,000 light years in thickness. Our present view of the sky does not differ from the previous view in its foreground—this is much the same for both—but in its background. There is a new background, formed by an immense belt of distant stars which did not occur at all in the previous picture.

If you stand out in the open any clear night, you can see this distant background for yourself. It is the faint belt of pearly light that we describe as the Milky Way. With our unaided eyes we cannot see any individual star, no matter how luminous, at a distance which light takes more than about 3,000 light years to traverse. Thus, our unaided eyes cannot see that this background consists of stars, but even a small telescope will show at once that it consists of innumerable very faint stars. Just because they appear so faint, we know they must be very distant, but the combined light of millions of dim distant stars makes the faint glimmer of light which is just visible to our unaided eyes, and with which we are familiar.

It is natural to wonder how the system of stars comes to have this strangely flattened shape; we might perhaps have expected the gravitational pull of the stars on one another to mould the whole system into a globular shape, as it has done with the earth and the planets. Yet we must remember that neither the earth nor the planets is strictly globular in shape; they are all flattened as a consequence of rotation. And the flattened shape of the system of stars is fully explained by the recent discovery that this system also is in a state of rotation. We know that the faster a planet rotates, the flatter it is; our system of stars is rotating so fast that it is as flat as a coin or a bun.



Star-cloud in Sagittarius

Part of the Milky Way as photographed through a powerful telescope. What appears a faint glimmer of light to the unaided eye is seen to be the combined light of millions of stars

F. E. Bernard, Yerkes Observatory

Yet we must not compare this rotation too closely to the rotation of a planet; to do so would give us a very wrong mental picture. We shall get a better picture in many ways if we compare it to the rotation of Saturn's rings. We saw how these consist of innumerable little moons revolving under the gravitational pull of Saturn. If we now imagine Saturn replaced by a vast cloud of stars, while each little moon in the rings is replaced by a star revolving round this cloud, we shall have a first approximation to a picture of our star-system. The main difference will be one of scale.

Travelling at the speed of light, we could get right across Saturn's rings in just under a second, but to get across our system of stars would take us about 200,000 years. Each tiny moon in the rings of Saturn revolves around the planet in a few hours, but the sun takes about 250,000,000 years to revolve around the centre of the system of stars. It is an almost inconceivably slow rate of rotation. During the whole 10,000 years of human civilisation, the sun has moved through less than a sixtieth of a degree—the angle through

which the hour-hand of a clock turns in two seconds of time.

We can weigh Saturn by calculating the gravitational pull it exerts on its moons to keep them moving in their orbits instead of flying off into space. In the same way we can calculate the gravitational pull needed to keep the sun in its orbit, and from this can deduce the weight of the whole system of stars. It would not be much use for me to tell you the number of tons; it is better to say that the total weight is about equal that of 200,000 million stars of average weight. Thus, the total number of stars in our system must be of the order of 200,000 million. It is an immense number—perhaps we can best visualise it as being something like 100 stars for each inhabitant of the earth. Or again, try this. On the clearest of nights we ever get in England you are hardly likely to see more than 2,000 stars in the whole sky. Stop and reflect that for each star you can see there are at least 100 million more that you cannot see. And this refers only to the stars of our own system. Next week I shall be speaking of other systems each of which contains its own thousands of millions of stars.

Science in the Making

Man, the Non-Specialist

By GERALD HEARD

CAN human nature really change? Is there any new evidence on this point? Are there coming to light any signs that human beings as a whole are developing? But before we try to answer these questions, let us think what we mean when we say human nature never changes. I think we mean that because men are only animals they must change very slowly, because we know from studying the fossil bones of animals that they have always changed with the utmost slowness. But let us just see what is the evidence as to whether we do change, and if so how fast.

First of all let us start with ourselves—a more or less average lot of people living in the North of Europe. Are we changing? Yes, we are. Take a quite small but definite change: nine out of ten of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, when you dig them out of their graves, have front teeth that meet edge on. Their lower jaws are just as long as their uppers. A small change, you will say, in a long time, but in terms of evolution that is a big change in a very short time. This means a change in the whole facial bones, and that may mean a change in that master of the ductless glands, the pituitary gland, for it is tucked away on one of the puckers of bone just in behind the root of our noses. We can't be sure whether it is the pituitary which is changing our faces, or whether something which we are doing with our faces—it may be softer food—is making us use and need our jaws less, which is changing the room in which this gland can grow. But we now do know that this gland has an almost unbelievable control over our bones and can change us bodily out of all recognition. But that is not all. The pituitary can change our characters. If one side of it grows at the expense of the other we can become active, full of curiosity and curiously hard. If the other side develops we can become excessively gentle and sensitive. That has been known some time now. But lately it has been discovered that this gland's powers are even more comprehensive. For research has shown that it makes no less than eight different hormones, or self-brewed drugs, and each of these can affect our body or mind in three different ways; so you have no less than 6,500 activities possible to this one gland. It is clear then that this gland can really change human nature.

Is there any further evidence of what direction our change may be taking? Today that is a very practical question, for the Germans are all now being taught to think that they are nearly all of them Nordics, and very soon all will be, and that there is nothing like a Nordic. But there is no scientific evidence at all that this type made civilisation. Quite the contrary; some of the latest evidence is that the people called the White Huns, the deadly savages most dreaded by the ancient Chinese civilisation, were Nordics. Let us be bold and go clean outside Europe and Asia and take the Nordic's real aversion, the Negro. Is the Negro nearer the ape than we? There is no evidence of that; not even the features we choose to think least advanced. None of the apes have thick lips—an ape has as thin-lipped a mouth as any superior person. And as we go carefully over the Negro we find that instead of being nearer the ape than we, and, his being a more primitive type, it looks as though he were after all a more

specialised, more advanced type than we. And if we go back further to the cave-man himself, the extinct Neanderthal man, even he seems in some ways more advanced than we. His teeth are more of a vegetarian's than ours. Yet he was no ape. He had a large brain and he used it. We have lately learnt that he made inventions in tool-making which our ancestors were glad to learn from his work. Indeed, he may have died out because he advanced in one direction too far and so was too highly specialised.

It is now believed that evolution is not through becoming specialised but by *avoiding* becoming specialised. That makes it harder for the searcher to know what to look for. He has to look for something which may lack distinctness. And, secondly, as what he is looking for will anyhow be rather small and fragile, there is much less chance of his finding it. Huge saurians leave vast skeletons and even their armoured skin will fossilise; small, slender, thin-skinned creatures leave little trace. Yet it is these we want to know about, for, when all the huge saurians died out, evolution was carried on by some such wisp of a creature. Progress went with the creature which never set hard.

What light does this throw on our race problems today? Are we changing, are we progressing? The evidence shows perhaps we are, though in a paradoxical way; perhaps the only way. We are changing by preventing ourselves from becoming set. The changes we are watching in ourselves are 'reducing' changes. All other kinds of animals when they have been given the chance we now have, of being at the top of the tree, have added to their bulk and many have added new armour and weapons to their bodies. We haven't. We've kept our suppleness. It looks even as if we had added to our adaptability. And it may be that with our new and growing knowledge of the ductless glands we may be gaining a new power to preserve and add to that essential suppleness. For that pituitary gland, when it is diseased, is the gland which makes our bones grow much beyond their proper size. We may, then, be about to add to our energies at the expense of our bulk, for living bodies like the heavenly bodies can turn mass into energy. There is no reason to suppose that the clock of evolution has always run at the same pace, in every epoch, and now, in this our own time, we may be able, with the new powers we are gaining over growth, to make that clock go as fast as we like. Because we have kept flexible and unspecialised therefore we can change, perhaps as fast as we like. And that gives the Nordic some hope, too. His wonderful past—that's mainly moonshine. But he can claim one thing. He is one of the most, perhaps the most, negative, unspecialised types of man. So he may have the future, even if, to get there, he will have to mix with some of the more sophisticated stocks. But, it must be repeated, *that* future is not a cave-man, blond beast, 100 per cent. male future. It is, on the contrary, the future that belongs to the least set, the most supple, the youngest. Perhaps it is too much for us to swallow that the meek shall inherit the earth, but at least it looks as though the fierce and brutal have no better chance. The future, which we and the Nordic can look forward to, is not that of the all-conquering hero, but of the enquiring, all-curious child.

Speeches that Never Happened

The 'Dismal Science' Made Joyous

By FELIX AYLMER

An Address by Professor Weazle of the International Economic Institute to the Cornsbury Chamber of Commerce

MR. MAYOR, ladies and gentlemen, thank you for this kind reception. I was much gratified by the Mayor's opening remarks. And I shall certainly be disappointed if the address I am about to deliver, at the request of your enterprising Chamber of Trade, is regarded as a less than adequate *quid pro quo*—or five *quid pro quo*, as I daresay your witty Mayor would put it!—for the modest contribution towards my professional expenses that your Chamber has been good enough to make.

Let me begin, Mr. Mayor, by defining an Economist's function. His concern, then, is essentially not with practice—but with theory. His job is to tell you not what actually *does* happen—but what *ought* to happen. It is the business of society to relate phenomena to his theories. If current phenomena conform to his theories satisfactorily, then, clearly, all is well. If current phenomena do not so conform, then, equally clearly, there is something wrong.

At the present moment, things are being allowed to happen all over the world which cannot, theoretically, be happening at all. That is why we refer to the situation as an economic crisis; it is a crisis for economists. It is a revolt of the facts against the well-known laws of political economy. As you will easily understand, ladies and gentlemen, that is a very serious thing. This rebellion must be put down; and it can only be put down in one way—by a ruthless suppression of the facts. And that, Mr. Mayor, is the main object of my presence here tonight. Let us first consider how the expert economist analyses the causes which have given rise to the present crisis.

The body politic—and economic—is like the body physical. When things go wrong, it means that something is at fault. If there is nothing at fault anywhere, why then, things cannot go wrong. This is Klubhumpfs' Law of Reciprocal Adaptability, discovered in 1924. And since things clearly have gone wrong—and seriously wrong too—I deduce, *a posteriori* and *ex post facto*, that something somewhere is at fault. The only question is: What?

Well, there are a number of elements in the situation of which the economist must take account. Let us leave out the more important and concentrate on the others. (This is Pizzicatto's Principle of Selectivity.) The 'others' (as I call them) are undoubtedly—other things being equal—gold, war debts, tariffs, and the trade balance. If we can resolve the inter-relations of these factors, our problem is at an end. We may discover—indeed it is quite possible, have discovered—nothing new; but at least we shall have discovered that there is nothing new to discover. And that, Mr. Chairman, would be a great step forward.

Now I am going to start with gold. I shall call gold 'G'—the initial letter of its name. (Just as I myself might be referred to as W; G for Gold, W for Weazle.) Let us first consider G or gold production. I have here a chart which shows Poop's coefficient of G or gold putput, equated logarithmically over

successive time-intervals. There is no one, I am sure, in the audience not familiar with this method.

Now studying this chart, Mr. Chairman, what do we find? I will not waste time, at this stage, upon technical considerations. But, roughly speaking, we discover, I think, two things. The one: *that gold production reaches a maximum when most gold is being produced.* (The significance of this I shall, of course, discuss shortly.) The other: *that as successively less*

gold is produced, gold production tends to approach its minimum. Scientific analysis thus confirms our *a priori* observation. There is a definite relationship, at any given time, between the world's volume of gold and the totality of gold available.

We now know what it is that happens when the world's stock of gold is increased—*more gold is being produced* (either from gold mines, the melting down of trinkets, or the disintegration of unwanted teeth); and to that extent there is a quantitative change which is positive or accretional in character. This, of course, is Moloney's famous Law of Molar Conservation.

Let me now turn, Mr. Mayor, to the question of War Debts. Here the problem has been, all along, to transfer gold from one country to another *without altering their respective holdings.* The situation, as analysed by Clutterbuck, was ably summed up in the formula:

$$A - B = k$$

Where A and B are positive and rational integers of which A is the greater, and k is the difference (arrived at by subtraction) between A and B, Clutterbuck found that at practically all temperatures this equation tends to hold good.

Now this is where the statesmen of Versailles blundered. They forgot that if the above equation is true (and Clutterbuck showed conclusively that it is), it must follow unequivocally that

$$A = B + k$$

In other words, it follows (to use Blubberhorn's careful language) that 'the transfer of wealth from A to B, where A and B are independent entities, necessarily impoverishes A for the benefit of B to the extent to which B is enriched at the expense of A; provided that none of the wealth to which this transaction relates disappears adventitiously during the process of transfer'.

Next, Mr. Mayor, I approach the subject of tariffs. This, I am aware, is a highly controversial topic. For that reason, I shall confine myself, strictly, to its economic implications. It is not for me to say if a tariff is a Good Thing or a Bad Thing: all such considerations are purely relative. Or as Hamlet puts it—and what a fine economist Hamlet would have made!—nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so. One's attitude towards tariffs, and so on, will thus depend, *inter alia*, on the extent to which one is capable of thought. That, Mr. Mayor—if I may use a colloquialism—is where so many of us get off.

The object of a tariff, as you all know, is to rationalise the trade balance.



Drawn for THE LISTENER by Thomas Derrick

Take, for example, our trade balance for last year. On the one side of the ledger were our exports, visible and invisible. The former consist of concrete and material things—'shoes and ships and sealing wax'—the latter of goods and services, such as arbitrage, and bottomry. This latter is a very important item.

On the other side of the account are our imports, likewise visible and invisible. The former consist of food and raw materials; the latter of Irish Sweep Tickets; foreign dividends, reparations and other intangible commodities. All these are characteristic invisible imports. The debtor balance, when both sides are added up, is, in round figures, some hundred-and-something millions. A poor year, last year was, or at least not what, in the Tin Market, we used to call a bonanza year—Lord Snowden was amply justified when he remarked that the outlook was 'dicky'. 'We are on a bad egg', he is said to have observed, 'and in due course we shall get the bird'. A very sagacious pronouncement!

I do not propose, by the way, to go in detail into the figures I have summarised. They explain themselves. Perhaps I should mention, however, that they do not correspond, in all respects, with those issued by the Board of Trade. That is because our bases of calculation are not strictly comparable. But our methods are similar—mine indeed, a trifle more so than theirs—and our statistical conclusions are vulnerable, or otherwise, to about the same extent.

Now, Mr. Chairman, having made clear the Trade Balance, I can return to the subject of tariffs. You will see at once how necessary a corrective the taxation of imports is. For let us ask ourselves what happens when imports are taxed. It is all quite simple, as I shall hope to show, if we follow the process through logically. First, then, when imports are taxed, taxes are imposed on these imports. This is the preliminary or administrative stage.

Next, the import is imported, in which case the tax has to be paid; or it fails to be imported, in which case the tax is presumably not paid, but the import ceases to be an import. As Marshall remarked in 1879, the test of importability is importation. Failure to import creates, *ex hypothesi*, the assumption of non-importability.

The effect of the tax, then, is to reduce the volume of imports. This is very significant. Prices rise, the extent of the rise depending upon a number of circumstances, which I fear I have not time to explore. Prices, then, rise; this is the second element in the situation. Demand contracts (unless, indeed, it expands or remains constant) and the cost of living goes up. People spend less, which is clearly as it should be, since they have evidently less to spend. The flow of imports automatically diminishes.

Let me, Mr. Mayor, take a concrete instance. Suppose, as John Stuart Mill would have put it, we are exchanging British bicycles against Belgian ball-bearings. Then every bicycle stands for so many ball-bearings, in our equation of exchange. Following Pupp handle, I can express this symbolically, thus. I will use 'little b' to denote a ball-bearing; 'big B' to denote a bicycle; and 'double B' to denote a bicycle made for two. (I introduce this latter factor as it will, I know, interest the ladies.)

Now, suppose the balance of trade moves against us, and purchasers of bicycles fall off. What is to be done? There are, so to speak, too many ball-bearings to go round. What then? If you will pardon my putting it humorously, we must consider our bearings afresh. So we put a tax on ball-bearings and the Belgians put a tax on bicycles. Our 'double B'—a bicycle made for two—now becomes a bicycle made for three. For, metaphorically speaking, it has now to carry the baby!

The third, and final stage is reached when trade has been killed off altogether. We equate the trade balance at zero. We then achieve, as reflection will show, the economic ideal of Lord Beaverbrook, of de Valera, or of Gandhi. Freed from the incubus of foreign exchange, we satisfy our demands in terms of our own exertions; the taxation of imports reaches its limiting case, wherein there is nothing to tax. We may be poor, Mr. Mayor, and we may find it necessary to deal drastically with our surplus population; but, at any rate, we shall have freed ourselves from the menace of an adverse trade balance. And that, Sir, in my capacity of Economist, is all you can expect me to say.

The Theatre

The Three Critics

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

I HAVE been a dramatic critic for years, but it was not always the same critic who got into theatres on my ticket. Dramatic critics, owing to the various nature of the works upon which they must pronounce, learn, like over-agreeable people with many friends, to develop different personalities. The same man writes the articles, of course, but the same critic does not necessarily attend the plays. In my case D.M. No. 1 is a man not at all easy to satisfy. He thinks practically every play produced throughout the year negligible from the point of view of art. (What else could the poor man expect? Do masterpieces occur every year?) So D.M. No. 1 seldom puts his nose into a theatre, or, if he does, the first act, like a mesmerist's pass, sends him fast asleep, leaving D.M. No. 2 in control. This Desmond MacCarthy is a more generally serviceable critic. The faculties of No. 1 need only be requisitioned when something very exceptional comes along, or perhaps when a cry 'This is marvellous!' has been started about a play which is really no great shakes.

But D.M. No. 2 has a natural love of the theatre. The rise of the curtain fills him with most agreeable expectations. He cries and laughs easily, and a little commonsense in a dramatist enraptures him. He feels all the time that it is very kind of the management and the actors to have taken such immense pains to get everything shipshape. He forgets there are such things as masterpieces. He really thinks (though he knows it sounds stupid) that the author is very clever to have written a play at all, and though ways in which it might be improved may occur to him, he knows he could not write a play himself. His comments are mostly made from the point of view of truth. He

asks himself, 'Do I believe in these people? Why do they, or why don't they interest me?' Such is D.M. No. 2. Of course, the stage being what it is, nearly all the work falls to this good-natured, impressionable creature; and I have to make the best of such reports as he sends in. By the bye, most people are conscious of two such critics in themselves. Look into yourself and judge.

A Study of Jealousy

During the last fortnight D.M. No. 1 never went to the theatre at all, but stayed at home reading a new translation of *Faust*; No. 2 went to 'The Sulky Fire' at the Gate Theatre, a play from the French; and to 'Lovers' Leap' at the Vaudeville; while D.M. No. 3, a creature whom I haven't introduced to you—he revels in high spirits, prettiness, and wild, foolish fun—went to the Hippodrome to see 'Yes, Madam'. Both of them enjoyed themselves. And what follows is what they severally reported to me.

'The Sulky Fire' is by one of the best of the post-War French dramatists, M. Jean Jacques Bernard. Few know much about contemporary French drama. If you want to know a little more about it read *Studies in the Contemporary Theatre*, by John Palmer*. The book was published seven years ago, but it is still the most up-to-date book on the subject. If you do read that book, you will see that M. Bernard is known in France as a dramatist who has based his method on what French critics have nicknamed 'the theory of silence'. That seems an odd basis for an art which is made out of the spoken word, but what the French critics mean is that M. Bernard has written

several plays in which the central fact is never once mentioned in so many words, and that the dialogue is often so arranged that at the most critical moments the fact that some character or other cannot express himself leads the audience into understanding more subtly what he is actually feeling. But I cannot dwell upon this aspect of his work, because in the case of 'The Sulky Fire' this description of M. Bernard's work hardly fits.

It is an interesting study of jealousy. What we watch through three short acts is a husband who is jealous without reason actually creating in his wife the very feelings which he dreads without cause. The scene is laid in a small French village at the end of the War. Blanche Mérin, who has been a devoted wife to a young schoolmaster (he was captured at the beginning of the War), is now awaiting the return of her husband. She is a good and loyal woman. An American soldier has been billeted upon her during the last year. She has liked him very much, and he has more than liked her. He has been a comfort to her, but nothing more. True, she parted from him with regret and a little tender sentiment. Still her dreams of happiness have always been of blissful reunion with her husband. Then André comes back (he was well played, by the bye, by Mr. Donald Wolfitt, an actor of whom I think you will hear again)—comes back shattered, half-starved, hardly able to believe that he is really home at last. Here are these two people, who have been dreaming for years of what perfect happiness it will be to live together again; yet when fate fulfils their longings, jealousy spoils it all. From tiny indications André guesses that the American soldier has meant much to Blanche. He feels his presence everywhere in the house; he tortures himself and her with the idea that he has been a great deal more.

The state of mind of permanent distrust, the extraordinary ingenuity with which suspicion will find logical reasons for itself, the helplessness of the object of such suspicions to dispel them, are pictured in this play with masterly subtlety. Gradually poor Blanche actually begins to regret her considerate, distant, tender American friend, and to feel that she can no longer live with her adored André. In fact, at the close of the play she makes up her mind to meet in Paris the American who is sailing for his own country. Then pity stops her. Her old father-in-law comes in that very evening she declared her intention (and André, when she does say she is leaving him for the other man, cannot believe it, though he has believed too much too easily before). Sitting quietly at the table the old man runs over in his mind what they have all been through and the desolate loneliness of the years that are left him. Blanche cannot bear to think of André—alone like that. It is one of the tenderest and best studies in jealousy that I have seen on the stage.

By the bye, the Gate Theatre is one of those private theatrical companies which, in a small room, on a small stage, and before small audiences, perform plays which otherwise we should never see. You have to belong to The Gate Theatre Society by paying a small subscription, and then you can buy your ticket as at an ordinary theatre. In this way you are able to see, though of course in straitened circumstances, plays which either the Censor forbids or those which are not feasible financial ventures for managers of larger theatres. You have often to excuse amateurishness in the acting, but not only the choice of the plays but their production is always inspired by a love of dramatic art.

Comedy and Farce

The public, I think, are just waking up to the fact that 'Lovers' Leap' at the Vaudeville is a most exhilarating light comedy. Original too, in its close. There are only four characters and a butler in it: two women—sisters; the husband of the elder of the two sisters, a passionate Egyptologist, who separated from her seven years ago, and an exceedingly quiet self-conscious young man, rich and of almost cloistral innocence, to whom the younger sister is engaged. Engaged, do I say? Hardly that. The girl being an extremely modern young woman is determined to have him but is hesitating between becoming his wife or his mistress. This hesitation is both painful and shocking to the young man, who, in love for the first time, cannot bear the idea of anything but marriage. They come down together to stay with the married sister, as it happens the very day she is excitedly expecting the return of her errant husband. I must tell you that the chief reason that

the younger of the two sisters will not make up her mind definitely to marry is that in her family all the marriages have gone wrong; and the marriage of this sister has been a particularly daunting example. Although she and her husband were very much in love, they quarrelled furiously. She was jealous of his interest in Egyptology; he was contemptuous of her nerves and fads. Their relation may be suggested by quoting one of the amusing lines of this amusing comedy. 'Yes', Mr. Owen Nares shouts at her, 'I worshipped the ground you trod on—except when I wished it would open and swallow you up'. Well, she is most anxious that her sister should make an excellent match, and the sole condition on which she will now allow her husband a divorce is that he stays and acts with her, before the young people, the most beautiful scenes of reunited bliss.

Well, you can imagine what happens! Natural antagonism and violent temper continually interrupt the set performances, and the second act ends in one of those glorious shindies of which the modern drama—(I am thinking specially of Mr. Noel Coward's plays)—is so full. The effect of this shindy on the young woman and the shy, staid young man respectively, however, is totally unexpected. I do not propose to spoil your fun by revealing the upshot, which is perfectly right and will send you home, at least if you are a man, in a glow of comfortable laughter and good spirits. I mentioned Noel Coward just now. This play is the only play I have seen which has caught to perfection his knack of witty back-chat. The wit people enjoy nowadays in the theatre is the wit which rises out of situation. The public does not care for wit which can be taken away and remembered. What they like is the flash struck from a clash of emotions, and colloquial point. The dialogue in 'Lovers' Leap' sparkles with these bright brief flashes, while the situations throughout are genuinely dramatic while they last, and the fun of the play is that it is pitched in that gay key in which the point of life seems to be that nothing lasts—and it doesn't much matter. The acting, especially the acting of Mr. Owen Nares himself, is decidedly good.

'Yes Madam', at the Hippodrome, is constructed on conventional lines: farce and sentiment, dance and song alternate. The fun is uproarious, the dancing of Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Bobby Howes (so amiably absurd) delightful; the acting of that rock-faced comedian Mr. Wiley Watson quite perfect in its way; and the enormous grotesque good-humoured verve of Miss Vera Pearce is, as all who have ever seen her will guess, gloriously ludicrous. The weak parts of the show are the ballet intervals. Only one of these struck me as pretty. The scene in The Knuckle Bone, a night club, where Miss Pearce and Bobby Howes indulge in an outrageous parody of passionate apache dancing—once you have been worked up enough to enjoy a towering silliness (and you ought to be by the time you reach that scene in the programme)—is one likely to dwell in your memory.

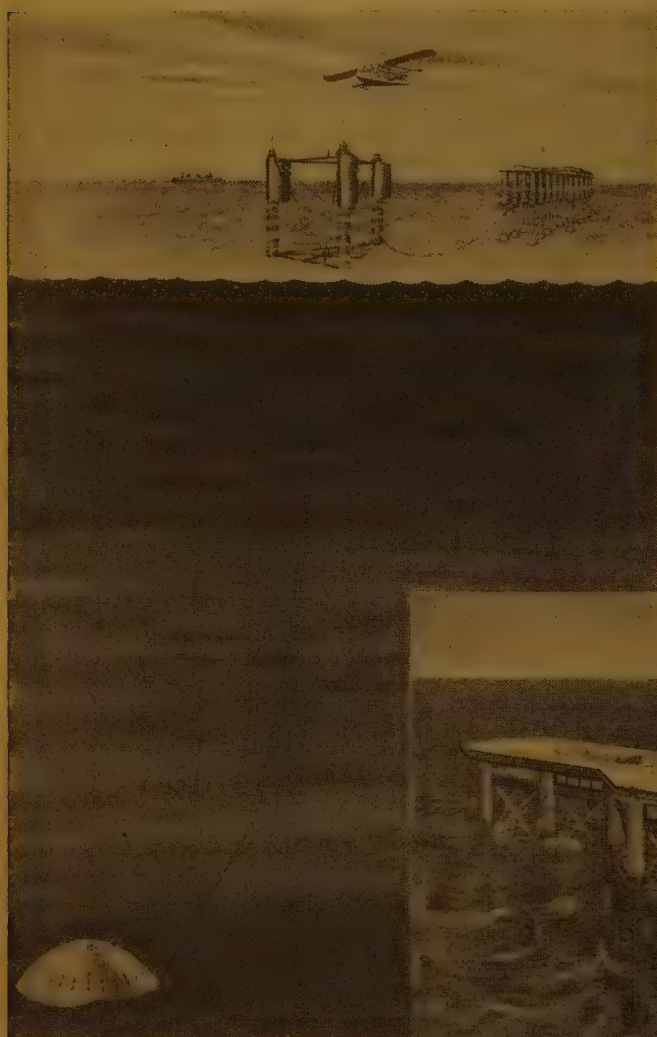
It is the natural gaiety, the delicious casualness of Binnie Hale's dancing and of her movements—a kind of absent-minded, childish spontaneous gaiety in them—which makes her performances so exhilarating to me. Her 'looks' are thrown in the shade by dozens and dozens of stage beauties: a pair of round grey eyes, an almost invisible nose and a mop of fair hair—that is all, as far as features go, she has to play with, but she supplements them with the gestures of the most sensitively expressive set of limbs imaginable. That impromptu vivacity which is so characteristic of her dancing is, of course, dependent upon perfect muscular balance and suppleness; otherwise it would be impossible to move instantaneously out of what is often a comically stiff pose into wild agility. It transmits a sense of freedom to observe her one moment straddling, awkward and still, and the next—blown across the stage like a piece of thistledown or the most elegant of daddy-long-legs. And this rapidity of technique is not confined to her dancing, it is characteristic also of her acting. When she acts, she has moved before you are aware that she has done so. She uses her hands too—those means of expression most actors and actresses neglect. You actually notice she has hands. They can express delight, doubt, dismay, with delightful elegance. They are small, slender, yet they can be seen flickering and talking to you even from the back of the enormous hall. She and Bobby Howes are such an amiable pair! They put one in a good temper with human nature, and they are so skilful at their job.

Seadromes and the Atlantic Air Route

By Squadron-Leader R. V. GODDARD

AN Englishman has crossed the Atlantic to persuade us to go in for ocean seadromes, and to offer the world, and Great Britain in particular, the means of putting Atlantis on the map again. Of course we should all like to fly the Atlantic, but we do like to feel that we should get there. The question is: How is it to be done?

Now, I don't know the answer to that question, but for the fun of speculation, let us see how this seadrome scheme compares with the other ways we know of flying over the ocean. I expect most of you know what is meant by a seadrome:



Imagine a great platform 1,500 feet long and 130 feet wide, which is moored in the ocean and stands, an elevated island, upon buoyant vessels under the sea. But there is to be more to it than a mere flying platform which rides head to wind: it will be a fuelling station, an hotel, a radio and meteorological station, and — who knows? — a pleasure city and a sanatorium.

Let us not be fussy over technicalities. Suppose we agree that seadromes are practicable, and suppose we believe that they would ride steadily in an Atlantic gale, and that in the coming 'Air Age' they could be made to pay. The only question that remains is whether we can get our air route to America *without* seadromes. I think most of us would be inclined to say that it is only a question of time. But I'm not so sure.

The North Atlantic, north of latitude 40 degrees (and we live in the fifties), is a hazardous business for airmen, especially on the west-bound route. If we want to avoid the worst regions, there are three alternative routes. One is to the southward in the temperate latitudes near the trade-wind belt; the second is

to the northward by way of Greenland and Labrador; and the third is by way of the stratosphere, where the air (or what air there is up there) is calm and non-resistant, and the sun shines all day. The last alternative is attractive, but unfortunately the 'stratosphere plane' which will fly efficiently in the frigid empty regions is not the kind of aeroplane which would be efficient in plunging upwards through earth's thick blanket to reach that tranquil sunny stratosphere. For the time being I fancy we must keep, so to speak, well within the blankets of our own familiar air.

Now, what about the Greenland-Labrador route? What can we think about that? We can think that if there is any economical way of avoiding the regions of icebergs, the home of depressions, and the fringes of the arctic winter night—if there is any good way of avoiding foul weather—we would rather and had better go by the milder route.

I think you will agree with me in preferring the temperate zone for our transatlantic flight. But now, what sort of craft shall we fly in? We may fly alone in a large machine with a ton or so of petrol: it will cost a small fortune, and we shall feel lonely and worried! We may go by flying boat, alighting at the Azores and Bermuda. This will mean that we shall also have to stop at an intermediate refuelling ship at sea. There we alight on a sea-apron towed behind the ship, are hoisted on board by a crane, refuelled and catapulted off again. This would be exciting at intervals, and comfortable between times. Or thirdly, we might cross by airship. Airships of the Zeppelin type have crossed the North or South Atlantic seventy-two times—no airship attempt on the Atlantic as far as I know has ever failed—but we in this country are not yet in the mood to think very cheerfully about airships, especially in the North Atlantic.

There are the three alternatives as we know them at present—non-stop flight with your life in your hands, flying boat



What we may see on the Atlantic some day

G. O. Williams

with intermediate halts at sea, or airship. But there is this fourth way: the seadrome way—the 3,600 miles of Atlantic Ocean stepped out with floating islands 500 miles apart. But I hear my aircraft designer friend saying in my ear: 'By all means have your seadromes—you and I can think of several uses for them besides spanning the Atlantic—but don't forget that the aircraft designer has not yet said his last word. The problem of flying the Atlantic economically is summed up in the words: pay-load. When the designer can make an economical aircraft structure, we shall fly the Atlantic direct'.

In the meantime, what shall we think about these seadromes? Romantic? Practical? Economical? I wonder!

RADIO NEWS-REEL NOV. 12-18

A new 'Listener' feature presenting pictorially a summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



DEPRESSED AREAS

On November 14 the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the appointment of two Commissioners (Mr. Percy Malcolm Stewart for England and Wales, Sir Arthur Rose for Scotland) to deal with the depressed areas. They will be given wide discretion and will not be afraid to make experiments. The Chancellor said that Parliament would be asked to vote £2,000,000 to finance any schemes approved



RIBBON DEVELOPMENT TO BE CHECKED

The British Road Federation in a memorandum published last Thursday declared that the cause of Ribbon Development is the eagerness of landowners and speculative builders to exploit the new roads. Its effects are high cost of drainage and other services, and the total loss of the value of the roads because they are choked with the delivery vans which serve the houses



On November 14 General Smuts left Croydon on the way to South Africa. In a speech on November 12 he said: 'Repugnant as the principles of Nazism may be to other Western people, that is no reason why Germany's equal international position should not be recognised, and the obsession which lies at the root of Nazism thereby be removed'



At Worthing the charge of assault against Sir Oswald Mosley was dismissed. He was committed for trial on the charge of riotous assembly



England beat Italy by three goals to two at Highbury last Wednesday. 50,000 spectators watched the match and newspapers of nearly every capital in Europe are finding some comment to make on the English victory



Many people called at the War Office on Tuesday to apply for positions as officers in the Saar Police Force (members of which are seen in the photograph below). The Prime Minister said last week that their joining was a purely voluntary matter, over which the British Government had no responsibility



The Saar Governing Commission has published an official appeal to the inhabitants to give up their bitter controversies. Above are members of the 'Union Front' covering up a swastika flag: on the left is the interior of the 'German Front'. In an interview published in the *Paris Matin* on Sunday Herr Hitler pleaded for an understanding between France and Germany in the interests of peace, and referring to the Treaty settlement he said: 'There can be no question of changing a single boundary stone'





Whimsical Walker at the microphone. The death of this most famous of English clowns was announced on November 12

BETTING AND LOTTERY BILL

An M.P. has calculated that 5,000,000 people take part in betting pools on football every week, and that during the football season their total contributions amount to £9,000,000. A person who spends 6d. in betting pools four times a month for eight months in the year would stand to win once in sixty-eight years

Dr. Goerdeler, German food dictator, issued orders forbidding dealers to fix retail prices, or alter them to the disadvantage of the customer, without his permission. This picture shows a Government compulsory price list being affixed to a butcher's shop



SLUMS

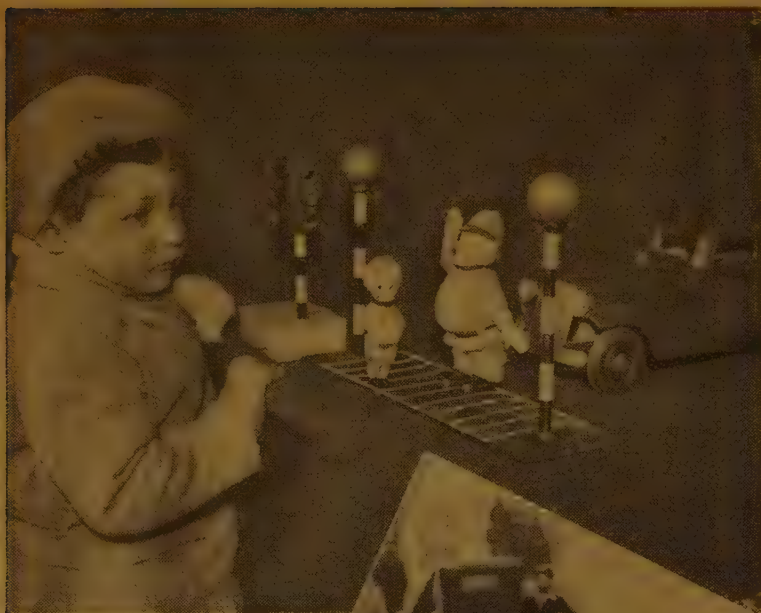
'Behind many a pair of windows in our overcrowded streets', said Lady Pentland, at a meeting on November 12, 'people are trapped just as surely as the people in the Morro Castle or in the Gresford Colliery'. She went on to state that nearly two-thirds of all the families in London had not a house or flat to themselves. The two photographs above show conditions at Canning Town and Stepney



LENA GOLDFIELDS (SIBERIA) COMPENSATION

The terms of the agreement provide that the Soviet Government pay to the Company a sum of £3,000,000 spread over a period of twenty years





The Pedestrians' Association has rallied to the support of the Minister of Transport. They like his crossing places. Above, 'Belisha crossing' toys; on the right, laying new rubber studs at Lewisham



Share-out clubs are being invited to 'come under the national umbrella'. 'Properly run', said Lord Mottistone, speaking for the National Savings Committee, 'they are the best thing in the world in the way of short-range thrift, and we want to encourage them'

C. S. Jagger, the sculptor, died last Friday. This is a model of his last great work, a figure of Christ for the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Liverpool



OLD CROCKS RACE
Eighty-five veteran motor-cars started off from London on Sunday, on the annual R.A.C. Commemoration run to Brighton. The first run was held to celebrate the passing of the Act which abolished the two miles an hour speed limit



Mrs. Hargreaves, the original Alice in Wonderland, has died at the age of 82. The illustration on the left shows her as a little girl

Below is one of Tenniel's illustrations

Reproduced from 'Alice through the Looking Glass,' by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the owners of the copyright



TOLL BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES AT SWINFORD

Thirty-seven toll bridges still remain on classified roads in this country. The Minister of Transport said in the House that he would not be satisfied until they had been done away with

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

What Is Sovereignty?

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

SOVEREIGNTY is a term over which many controversies have raged and are still far from dead. I should define it in a general way as 'the permanent organisation of a supreme power in the State'. The difficulty of course is to discover exactly what that means, and to find an analysis which will fit all the varying conditions of the modern world.

It is indeed really a modern term in its technical and special sense. It is derived from a Latin word *superanitas* which properly means 'superiority'. Such was its vague and uncertain meaning in the Middle Ages. Individual States could not well claim any absolute or unrestricted power, while the ideal of a united Christendom was still potent. Almost every man acknowledged some kind of universal supremacy to both its representatives, the Pope and the Emperor, though the extent and character of that supremacy were hotly disputed.

Moreover the King, even in his own dominions, was not able to exercise even such uncontrolled power as was left after subtracting what was due to Pope and Emperor. The government was hampered in its supremacy by the wide range of custom, which settled or tried to settle on a permanent basis the relations between King and subjects.

The Emerging Idea of the State

The whole feudal basis, as I have said before, has been compared to an elementary form of federation. It involved what we should now call a real conflict of sovereignty. This is to say it led logically to a conflict of wills within the State. The result was often a deadlock; anarchy or civil war were its natural consequences. A sharper and clearer idea of what the State meant and what its powers were, was bound to emerge. It was of course given its opportunity at the Renaissance and Reformation. The new territorial State owed no vague allegiance to Pope or Emperor; the growing national forces which inspired it helped as we have already seen to place it in a seat of undisputed power beyond the assault of its former rivals.

Its rulers claimed that their power was of direct divine gift; no human mediator could come between the Prince and God. Thus it became natural to regard the State as omniscient, which means that there is no subject which it cannot claim to handle and settle with the fullness of uncontrolled power. If that is so the ruler is a sovereign with none to dispute him in any sphere. He is 'the mortal God' whom Hobbes depicted with such inexorable logic in his *Leviathan*.

If, then, sovereignty consists in the organisation of a supreme will, can sovereignty be divided, or is that a contradiction in terms? The King, of course, who was everywhere in possession claimed that this indivisible power directly God-given must reside in his own person and in no one else. However, it is perfectly clear that an undivided sovereignty can rest just as well with a small number of men, as with one man. Consequently undivided sovereignty is no argument in favour of kingship or dictatorship. On the contrary, as the work of the State became more and more diverse and technical the sovereignty of an individual became less and less likely to be equal to the ever-increasing task.

If Sovereign Functions are Divided

Consequently the question began to be asked, 'Cannot sovereignty itself be divided in the same way in which its actual functions can be distinguished?' We can divide the work of the State into three heads: the executive, the legislature and the judicature. The exercise of these separate powers in combination makes sovereignty. Now why should there not be an executive sovereign, a legislative sovereign and a judicial sovereign? Would not such a division of sovereignty ensure efficient government and prevent the centralising despotism of one undivided sovereign? This was of course the famous theory of Montesquieu in *L'Esprit des Lois* which he erroneously thought was an analysis of the existing practices of the British Constitution in the early eighteenth century.

The great objection to this theory is that in practice it would not work well, if indeed it would work at all. These

three powers are certainly distinct, but they are not separate. You cannot really think of a legislature without an executive to put the laws into operation, and a judicature to provide the necessary sanctions against law-breakers. They all overlap one another. In the British Constitution the executive, the Cabinet, is a committee of the legislature. The legislature can turn it out of office at any moment by withdrawing its support; the Cabinet in its turn can dissolve a hostile legislature. The judiciary is indeed more independent in its actions, yet its members are appointed by the Crown, which means the Prime Minister, and are removable by the Crown on an address by both Houses of Parliament. Thus there is a constant interpenetration of powers. This is the so-called policy of checks and balances. Consequently, in order to ensure the smooth working of any constitution where the powers are actually divided, one of two measures must be taken.

Some body in the State must itself be sovereign over the three claimants to a separate sovereignty, in order to harmonise their natural relationships and to settle disputes between them. Such a body is found in the British Constitution in the King in Parliament, which meant originally the King as executive giving his consent to the measures of the legislature. Now it merely means the united actions of the two bodies of the legislature, and under the Parliament Act may simply mean the single action of the House of Commons. There is nothing Parliament cannot do, according to the old writer, 'except make a man a woman'. It can in fact make laws without restriction on all subjects, and can change at its will all the existing relations between the various parts of the State, and call any individual to account for his actions. The King in Parliament is therefore known as the legal and determinate sovereign, *i.e.* it consists of a comparatively small number of persons whose power is in theory absolute and uncontrolled. Or, alternatively, the people itself may exercise sovereignty over the parts of the government, and treat the executive, the legislature and the judicature as its delegates. These latter may in practice be given a fairly free hand, but only on the assumption that they are the servants of the sovereign. This is what is called 'popular' or 'political' or 'indeterminate sovereignty'.

Popular Sovereignty

We must first decide what is meant by the 'people'. It clearly must mean all duly qualified electors. For those who do not exercise political power cannot share in sovereignty; they may exercise a considerable influence over the policy adopted by the State in proportion to their importance, but 'influence is not government'.

In what then does the sovereignty of the properly qualified electors, acting through a majority, consist? If we analyse popular sovereignty we shall find that it combines three things: First, the power to enforce responsibility upon those set in authority, that is by turning them out of office, having them punished for crimes or culpable errors of judgment, etc. This power is obviously a bare minimum, a *sine qua non*. No electorate which fails to possess it can be called sovereign by any stretch of that elastic word. Second, the power to get anything done, which they are particularly anxious should be done, and to prevent anything being done which they particularly dislike. This is roughly the amount of popular sovereignty possessed in practice at present by the British electorate. Both these two conceptions of popular sovereignty are, of course, entirely consistent with its indirect exercise, which means the election by the people of representatives to act on their behalf. The third, on the other hand, is possible only if the people are themselves organised to act directly as sovereign, for it means popular control of the initiation and of all stages of policy. Representatives would thus be reduced to the minor role of delegates acting in accordance with an exact mandate.

Such an organisation of the people as a sovereign legislature, and even as a sovereign executive, was actually tried in the Greek City States in the fifth century before Christ. It was made

possible by the small number of citizens involved—a few thousand at most—and by their exceptionally high intelligence and education. It was passionately advocated by Rousseau less than two hundred years ago, who, fighting against the tendencies of his time towards ever-growing states, urged a return to the Greek idea. With the facilities of communication of the present day, direct popular sovereignty is certainly possible, though not, of course, in the form of popular meetings of millions of individuals. It consists rather of the dispatch of millions of postcards. It is, in fact, in existence both in Switzerland and some of the American states.

Control by the 'People'

In order that the 'people' can effectively control the legislature and direct its paths in its own way two exercises of power are necessary; the Constitutional initiative, which means that proposals for a law can be brought forward backed by a certain number of popular votes, and that such proposals must be taken up as a bill by the legislature; and the referendum, which can be used either to ratify or reject a measure passed by the legislature, or to take the opinion of the country on some great question of policy, for example, a change in constitution, an issue of peace and war, etc. If this were combined with very short parliaments and the power of recalling deputies at any moment by a popular vote, it is clear that the sovereignty of the people would, at least on paper, be firmly established.

The obvious difficulty in carrying out such a plan is two-fold. Firstly, the electors are exceedingly unlikely to interest themselves as a whole in such a continuous and responsible exercise of sovereignty. The almost certain result would be that most, if not all, decisions would be taken by a small and unrepresentative minority. The scheme would thus tend to defeat itself, and direct democracy would falsify results more than indirect does at present. Secondly, it is certain that the character and ability of politicians would rapidly deteriorate if their role was to be merely that of puppets pulled about by the arbitrary hands of a continually interfering electorate.

Experience, therefore, seems to show that any such attempt at complete popular sovereignty is impossible except perhaps in a small homogeneous society like Switzerland, protected by nature, and affording few necessities for large decisions, rapidly taken. There seems, however, to be no inherent difficulty in any country, which would prevent the taking of referenda whenever any great issue arises which does not imperatively demand an immediate decision.

Subject, therefore, to this qualification, the so-called sovereignty of the people (under parliamentary government like our own) resolves itself into the powers already mentioned, the first to enforce responsibility; which does not mean getting things done but exacting penalties for things badly or wrongly done. If such a responsibility is always enforced it is likely to instil a spirit of prudence and foresight into the minds of the legal sovereign. 'It is a mark of great peoples', said Plutarch, 'to be severe on their rulers'.

The second power is to prevent any measure which is much disliked, and to procure any measure which is much desired. The British electorate has on the whole been for many generations very successful in this aim.

How Far Can the State Go?

Now we must ask whether there are any limits to sovereignty. And for this enquiry it does not much matter whether we are thinking of the popular will, insisting upon something being done, or upon the legal processes by which the determinate sovereign carries it into effect.

Obviously there is always the potential limit imposed by the threat or fear of force. Before the War one would have said that few or no States would attempt to stretch their sovereignty to the limits of kindling civil war. Now we can be much less certain. It may also be truly said that the more wholeheartedly the theory of unrestricted sovereignty is accepted, and the less associations or individuals challenge the omniscience of the State, the more freedom will probably be in fact allowed by the State to all such associations and individuals. Any challenge to State supremacy is likely to enlarge the area and increase the violence of the State's interference.

It must be noted, however, that while there is no limit to what the modern State can effect by legal process there are various limits to its legal power at any given moment. They are as follows.

In many countries 'the rights of man' or the 'rights of the

people' of that particular state are safeguarded by the constitution (*e.g.* freedom of speech, freedom of association, freedom from arrest except on a specified charge): and can be infringed only by the legal process of suspending those parts of the constitution which safeguard these 'natural rights'. In Great Britain such rights are not part of the constitution, but are assumed to be inherent in our common law. The judges therefore as its interpreters will defend the individual against any action by the executive or the legislature infringing such rights, which the judges consider to be an illegal action. As these rights with us are not written down as part of the constitution, they obviously cannot be suspended by suspending a part of the constitution. It therefore needs a far more laborious and elaborate work on the part of the British legislature to destroy the liberty of the individual in this country than abroad. The only wholesale and immediate method of such destruction would be by the proclamation of martial law, which by precedent could take place only in the event of wholesale rebellion or foreign invasion.

This Country's 'Rule of Law'

Again, in most countries with a written constitution the powers of the State at any given moment are limited by that constitution. Further, the power of changing that constitution is not as a rule given to the ordinary legislature, but is possible only by some special operation of popular sovereignty, which may be very complicated. This is, of course, not the case in this country where it would be perfectly legal, if it were possible, to force through in a single day the most far-reaching changes in our national life. Provided that such a bill had passed both Houses of Parliament and had received the Royal Assent it would be administered in every court of law. However, in Great Britain the so-called 'rule of law' makes it impossible for any arbitrary action, which is in conflict with the existing constitution as interpreted by the judges, to be taken by either executive or legislature. No interference with liberty unsanctioned by law is possible. It could be possible only if the executive were able to appoint a body of thoroughly corrupt judges with the connivance of the legislature. It may indeed be held—as Lord Hewart and others have strongly held—that the legislature is now far too ready to grant discretionary power to individual Ministers, which is in fact a danger to individual liberty. Such a power, it must be remembered, however, is itself legal, not arbitrary; it is a legal grant of discretion to the executive. Finally, it must be pointed out that wherever you find a federal as opposed to a unitary State you find also a division of sovereignty. The whole essence of a Federation is to make a kind of legal treaty by which certain powers are left in the uncontrolled hand of the different States which compose the Federation, while the others—those which are of common interest to all—are the province of the association itself. Thus, while such matters as defence, foreign affairs, finance (to take a few most obvious examples) remain within the sovereignty of the central power, many others, such as education, religion, marriage, may be regulated at will, and perhaps quite differently, by the various members of the Federation. A Federation, therefore, in theory at least, makes two general wills to develop freely within their respective spheres; the general will of the Federation and the general will of the States or units within it. In so far as large bodies of individuals desire 'union without unity', to use Dicey's well-known phrase, federation seems the best device yet found by men for reconciling the authority of the State with the freedom of groups within it to determine their collective social life. Much the same results may flow in a unitary State by the devolving of large powers of local autonomy upon separate districts or populations within it. Here, however, the theory is different. The federation results from an agreement between equals, a definite treaty to divide sovereignty. In the latter instance the State is granting of its own will certain powers of self-government, which (at least in theory) it has an absolute right to withdraw at will.

The British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Hospital Library will be glad to receive any surplus books which readers may turn off overcrowded shelves. This organisation undertakes the free supply of books and magazines to hospitals, convalescent homes, etc., and arranges for librarians to help patients in their choice of reading material. Books and magazines of all kinds, both for light reading and more specialised study, are welcome. They should be sent to the Organising Secretary at 48, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2.

The Heritage of the Reformation

Religious Liberty

By A. F. POLLARD

THE attempt to establish uniformity by Acts of Parliament was, as I have said previously, the culminating and the boldest experiment of the nationalising spirit; and the failure of the experiment demonstrated a truth which is often ignored and is seldom understood. Nevertheless, it lies at the root of what we mean by civil and religious liberty. Those Acts are often cited as samples of religious intolerance; but that is hardly a fair or exact description. It was the State which, according to Lord Burghley, could not afford to tolerate two forms of religion; and while, no doubt, there were churchmen prepared conscientiously to carry out the behests of the State, it would seem that those behests had their origin in the alleged interests of the unity of the State. The truth that was demonstrated by the failure of compulsory uniformity was that there was no necessity either for it or for the authority claimed for the State to impose it. The sovereignty of the State is, indeed, and must be, not absolute but conditional. For the prevalence of any form of real religion and, indeed, of any belief in the dictates of conscience, involves acceptance of the distinction between things which may be rendered unto Cæsar, and those which must not. In actual fact the idea of the absolute Sovereign State has only been able to grow through the tacit but practical recognition of the limits of its sovereignty.

These limits apply not only to the area over which sovereignty is claimed by the State, but also to the scope of its authority within its own dominion. No sovereign claims authority over all the world, and none claims it in all things. We do not now agree with Hobbes that all means are lawful to a lawful sovereign, or that the right to control men's actions carries with it the right to control their opinions; nor even with Napoleon's maxim that, while mathematicians might be allowed to teach what they liked, historians must, in the interests of the State, be subject to State supervision. Freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, freedom of public opinion,

The significance of the failure of State uniformity in religion is profound. The disfavour into which the Old Testament recently fell in German eyes may have been partly due to its vigorous denunciation of the gods which Israel, in moments of aberration, made with its own hands and worshipped as reflections of itself. This idolatrous attitude towards the State,



Queen Elizabeth sitting in judgment on the Pope
(From a contemporary print)

the work of man's hands, has been common enough in other histories; the Romans habitually deified their Emperors. In England, Hobbes called the State 'this mortal God' and held that subjects must bow in the house of Rimmon if their sovereign required it; even in our own generation we have heard the doctrine 'my country, right or wrong'. That was almost the

Tudor religion. Writing in Mary's reign, a Venetian ambassador, who was, of course, a Roman Catholic, says of the English: 'They discharge their duty as subjects to their Prince by living as he lives, believing what he believes, and in short doing whatever he commands'; and he adds, 'they would do the same if he were a Mohammedan or a Jew'. A few years later, under Elizabeth, an English M.P. writes in a similar strain, basing himself on the doctrine that 'the absolute authority of the Prince is from the Word of God which cannot be dispensed with'. The superstition of the Church could, it would seem, only be driven out by the superstition of the State.

The religious history of England since the Reformation consists mainly of revolts against this superstition of the State. That may

sound a paradox in these days of increasing State activity; but I take it that Socialism itself, while collectivist in its means and methods, is fundamentally individualist in its ideals. That is to say, its purpose is really, by means of collective action, to release the individual from the duress and distress of economic forces and material circumstances, in order that he may be freer to devote himself more fully to the culture of his individual mind



Varieties of Religious Belief and Practice, 1644
(From a contemporary print)

Illustrations from Traill's 'Social England' (Cassell)

freedom of the Press, are among the recognised limitations of the scope within which the civilised State can exert its limited sovereignty. That the State could not enforce uniformity in religion was recognised in England nearly two-and-a-half centuries ago, when the Toleration Act was passed in the first year of William III and Mary; and now at last it appears to be recognised even by Nazi Germany.

and the cure of his individual soul. For what, after all, is liberty without a living? And man, however communist he may become, is born an individual, marries as an individual another individual, stands at the bar, or in the dock, and dies as an individual. The ultimate concern of every thinking man or woman is an individual soul, and the consummation of Protestant individualism was the doctrine of the Rights of Man.

The process towards it was a gradual decentralisation and diminution of authority in favour of limited, local, and individual choice. The Catholic jurisdiction of Rome was rejected for that of the National State; that in its turn was repudiated in favour of non-monarchical, non-episcopal Presbyterian Church-government; and that again for the sake of independence for each local congregation. Even that local association became less vital in many minds than the family prayers and the private devotions which, developing in Germany long before Luther's time, are said to have been the real beginning of the Reformation. With the restriction of ecclesiastical spheres of jurisdiction went a decline in authority, from that of the Pope to that of the bishop, from that of the bishop to that of the minister. Words, however, are often misleading; our Ministers of State are none the less the Government; from early days the Pope officially described himself as servant of the servants of God; and Milton complained (with etymological truth) that 'new presbyter is but old priest writ large'. So in Independent Congregational churches the minister was almost merged in the preacher and made subject to his audience.

This was the 'popularity' which horrified Queen Elizabeth, her bishops and her ministers. But they themselves had assisted in popularising forms of public worship and changing them in the direction of self-expression which led towards self-determination. The change from the Latin to the English language opened the door. There could be little self-expression in a tongue 'not understood of the people'; and Protestants *ex animo* if not *ex officio* wanted to make their voices heard. So the expert and exquisite music of the sacerdotal solo gave place to the less melodious but often more fervid singing of psalms by the congregation; laymen read, and even expounded, the Scriptures from Bibles chained to the lecterns in churches; the Mass was changed into a communion service; and the very title of the Book of Common Prayer tells its historical and liturgical tale.

It is not humanly possible to strike the balance of loss and

gain involved in any attempt to make perfection common. But there was an obvious limitation to the community of good things when churches were closed from one week-end to another, and holy-days reduced to little more than one a week, lest they should interrupt the toil of the mass of the population who received, three centuries later, a tardy and meagre restitution in the form of days which we can hardly call Bank holy-days. The religious Reformation was largely a middle-class movement and its conduct was stained by its association with the commercialism of the age. But the two must not be identified; and against

Cobbett's gibe that it was a revolution of the rich against the poor must be set the facts that in Mary's reign no man of rank or wealth went to the stake for his religion unless he was also a priest, while those who suffered for treason under Elizabeth came mostly from the gentry and nobility. The lay Protestant martyrs under Mary all came from ranks as humble as that of the fishers of men who were called from Galilee.

Self-expression spread, in fact, further down the social scale in religion than in politics. The Sphinx of the Reformation propounded her riddle to hundreds of thousands of men and women who had no votes for Members of Parliament or even in local government; and the compulsion to choose between conformity and non-conformity, however painful it may have been, was a powerful stimulus to individual thinking. Moreover, if the individual did not conform, he soon had the chance of choosing between various kinds and degrees of non-conformity; and, if he claimed a choice himself, he must concede it to others and put up with divergent expressions of



Frontispiece to Hobbes' *Leviathan*

'In England, Hobbes called the State "this mortal God" and held that subjects must bow in the house of Rimmon if their sovereign required it'

From Macaulay's *History of England* (Macmillan)

opinion. That meant religious liberty and toleration, which came to pass through this divergence and the growing inability of any particular church to impose a policy of repression. The political developments of the seventeenth century are unintelligible without their religious counterparts. It was the religious radicals of Cromwell's army who first set about debating the rights of man as a practical problem of politics; and the Bill of Rights in 1689 was a protest with an unmistakable Protestant lineage and posterity. It was passed to defend the individual Englishman against assaults of the Sovereign State as represented by James II.

The philosophy of the eighteenth century generalised this individualism, erected it into a universal principle and extended it to all men whatever their nationality. 'All men', proclaims the American Declaration of Independence, 'are

created equal . . . with certain inalienable rights,' including 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'. That declaration inspired the French Revolutionists in 1789; but 'what about the duties of man?' exclaimed two Catholic French deputies. It was the individualism of the French declaration that angered Burke: 'They have made and recorded', he said, 'a sort of institute and digest of anarchy called 'the Rights of Man'. 'The duties of man', retorted the French Revolutionists, 'are obvious; the rights of man must be defined'. The duties were then perhaps obvious enough; the Catechism made Englishmen familiar with one sort, the Customs House with another, and the Stamp Act and Tea Duties brought them home to Americans. The Declarations of Right were a natural protest against unlimited sovereignty and in favour of self-determination.

But self-determination, like most problems of religion and politics, requires an answer to the delicate question 'Who are 'We'?' 'We' may be anything from the League of Nations or a Catholic Church to a leader-writer in the Press, or the three tailors of Tooley Street, who drafted a manifesto beginning 'We, the people of England'. To whom does self-determination belong? We have been told that 'there is nothing in the New Testament to lead us to expect an inconvenient crowd at the narrow gate'; and there is still higher authority for a real presence 'where two or three are gathered together'. What is a congregation? A handful in a village church or chapel? Or a congregation of the peoples of the world? Extremes meet, and the 'Rights of Man' envisaged mankind as a universal society consisting of individual men with indefeasible rights but without much respect to Divine property in souls. But that was the negative extreme. The Rights of Man were not so

more obviously at work in religious history. John Wesley, who had preached in America forty years before the Declaration of Independence, claimed the whole world as his parish; and churches began to think less of their distinctive tenets and more of their common faith. Disruptions at least seemed to cease in Great Britain with that of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in 1843, and before that a step in the direction of re-integration had been taken. In 1832 the most independent of churches formed a Congregational Union and in 1891 an International Council; Methodist churches have united on a larger scale and to a greater degree; Presbyterian Free Churches have come together; the Church of England has relaxed the rigour of uniformity in worship and broadened its basis of doctrine.

There have been conversations between Catholics of various sorts; and three months ago a broadcast address by a minister of religion averred that the real Catholic church was composed of all the Christian churches.

Historians of the British Empire now divide its history into two periods—the first Empire, which was disrupted by the American War of Independence, and the modern Commonwealth of Nations which was constructed on the basis of consent. The religious Re-formation also began a second lease of life in movements to re-form churches in a constructive rather than a critical spirit; and in both Church and State the tide turned when it abandoned authority for persuasion as its starting-point. Authority had provoked dissent; schism could only be healed by consent.

Unity is, no doubt, a distant ideal; but an ideal, as an ideal, is none the worse for being distant. It is the loftiness of the mountain peaks that tempts and inspires the mountaineer; and he profits more from the stimulus to his efforts than from the achievement of his end. 'Man never is, but always to be, blest'; but the spirit that moves towards peace may prove a greater blessing than any parchment pact. The first test of Christianity, applied to the twelve original Christians was not doctrinal agreement, but whether

they loved one another.

The short stories which were broadcast in the evening programme during the summer months have been collected into a book and published, with three additional contributions, under the title *Nine O'Clock Stories* (Bell, 6s.). Two of these stories, 'Ace High' by Peter Fleming, and 'Poison' by Sylvia Townsend Warner, appeared in THE LISTENER during August, and the whole makes very pleasant light reading. Of a more solid nature is the tenth volume in the *Best Short Stories* series, which has now appeared (Cape, 7s. 6d.). This contains twenty-two stories from English periodicals and twenty from American. Many of the names—H. E. Bates, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Henry Handel Richardson, Stephen Spender, L. A. G. Strong—are well known, but there are also new authors with whose work readers will be glad to make acquaintance.



Informers, art thou in the Free?
Take heed, lest there thou hangest be;
Look likewise to thy Four-fold well,
Lest, if thou slip, thou fall to Hell.

A Conventicle and its Dangers (1680)
From Tyail's 'Social England' (Cassell)



England's Memorial of a Wonderful Deliverance

Caricature celebrating the overthrow of James II and the deliverance of the Church of England
From Macaulay's 'History of England' (Macmillan)

anarchic as they seemed to those whose dominant idea of human society was the Sovereign National State. They appealed from schismatic nations to what Jefferson called 'the laws of Nature and of Nature's God'; and his 'new world' was to be new only because it was to be the world, with all men as its free and equal citizens. One touch of Nature was to make the whole world kin in a Commonwealth of Nations; and the resolving of society into its ultimate human atoms was designed to prepare for their synthesis on a higher plane than national discord.

But that vision splendid faded into the light of common day as the independent American colonies developed a nationality of their own; and in the nineteenth century synthesis was

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Depressed Areas Debate

Broadcast on November 14

A VERY FULL House of Commons listened this evening to a statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Government plans for dealing with the depressed areas. The Prime Minister and Mr. Baldwin sat on a crowded Treasury Bench. The Opposition Front Bench was similarly packed, and many Members had to stand by the Bar. The House was not lively but subdued.

Listeners will remember that the reports on these desolate areas of industry in Wales, Northern England and Scotland were made by four special Commissioners, and that their principal findings were broadcast eight days ago. The Chancellor's task today was to give the heads of the measures that the Government had decided to take without delay. Mr. Neville Chamberlain is the least showy of Parliamentary speakers, but the grim tale he had to unfold called for no flourishes. He praised the special Commissioners for the thoroughness with which their work had been done and this praise was later endorsed from all sides of the House. Mr. Chamberlain cited figures to illustrate one feature that stands out lamentably in all the reports—the length of time during which large bodies of men had been continuously out of work, tens of thousands of them for two years, three years, four years. The effect upon the spirits of such long periods of idleness cannot fail to be tragic. Many of the special Commissioners' proposals Mr. Chamberlain said were far-reaching. They would call for further enquiry. In some of the districts doubtless new industries might be stimulated with Government assistance, but the fact had to be faced that a dead industrial area was the last place for any firm to choose as the site for a new factory. The Government realised that the existing machinery was inadequate and the House cheered when Mr. Chamberlain added that the problem demanded speedy and less orthodox measures; but these must not overlap with the existing Department. Work on the land is the most essential. It is to be encouraged by means of fresh compulsory powers of purchase and there are to be more training centres. The Government will make grants for new Public Works, including roads and drainage schemes. It is in favour of the transfer of workers from places judged to be hopeless. The House became keenly alert when Mr. Chamberlain announced the appointment of two new Commissioners who are to take command in the depressed areas. He gave their names, Mr. Percy Malcolm Stuart for England and Wales, and Sir Arthur Rose for Scotland, and there was a quick approving cheer when it was made known that they would be whole-time public officials, and were giving their services without pay. Each Commissioner would need local assistants—one living in the district: they are to start work at once, and have the spending of £2,000,000 this winter. Their powers are to be very wide. They must initiate schemes, and can be daring. They will be able to make experiments and to scrap any that may turn out poorly and try others. They can be—shall one say?—lesser English Roosevelts.

Mr. George Lansbury led off for the Opposition. The Labour party, he said, must see the promised Bill before stating its own proposals, but, he argued, not one of the Government's ideas were new—some of them were like old Labour proposals for which the party was turned out. As for the transfer of labour from the worst areas, that was a familiar plan, and it was bound to cause resentment among the men who were left out. Mr. Lansbury said he knew of no districts where there was work to be done and no men to do it. The Government's measures did not touch the great real problem of unemployment which was everywhere, and not confined to a few desperate areas. Beginning quietly across the table, Mr. Lansbury warmed up until he was delivering a general assault on the system which permitted poverty in the midst of plenty.

His point about the transfer of labour was taken by Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, who contended that this was the right way of sharing a common burden. Mr. Harcourt Johnstone for the Liberal Opposition thought it strange that the Government should not have accepted the recommendations of its own Commissioners. Mr. Chamberlain, he said, had not even told the House what the Government's position on those proposals

was. He had announced still more enquiries, and ought not housing to have been included?

As I left the House there was the keenest competition to catch the Speaker's eye. Not for a long time have I seen Members so eager to speak. That was natural enough, as the depressed areas are resolved to be heard.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

The Schoolmaster's Dilemma

IT WAS THE MONTH of May. We had our first hive of bees which showed signs of swarming. We kept watch, but while we were in school, they swarmed, unfortunately in two groups. We discovered them at noon, not far from the hive. They were in the glare of the sun; a passing villager advised us to hurry, so we sent post-haste for a local bee-expert and meanwhile set a watcher over the swarm. The bee-man could not come immediately, but eventually arrived and we gathered round to watch him take the bees. There was a little delay and before we realised it the swarm was in flight! Away they went over the garden and adjoining allotment, making straight for Orum's farm. What were we to do? It was past school time and the time-table indicated 'English'. Yet, there went the equivalent of a load of hay! I realised this might put a check on the enthusiasm of my budding bee-keepers, but still, it *should be* English. While I hesitated, the boys decided. With a yell of disappointment and a chorus of excited shouts, away they went, with the bee-man and me trailing along in the rear. It was all very irregular, but I comforted myself it was fine experience, as I passed through the farmyard, into a field, and saw my hopefuls half-a-mile ahead. We lost the swarm. It disappeared over the trees in Neston Park, so back we went to break the sad news to the girls. What had they been doing? With Helen at the piano they had spent a pleasant half-hour singing and dancing! I hadn't the heart to tell them it should have been English.

A week later, the infants on a Nature Study walk, discovered a swarm of bees in the hedgerow. They stayed to watch, while two tiny tots raced back to school with the news. With a box and a bit of an old curtain away went Pecker, Gatley, Tiger and Tucker. The swarm was successfully taken and successfully hived.

I have told you this story, partly because it serves to indicate that if, as I think, our rural environment should be largely used, one cannot follow too rigidly any time-table, which must be made for the scholars, not the scholars for the time-table.

H. H. W. DRUITT

A Memory of Tsarist Russia

IT WAS BY THE River Neva that I remember seeing for the first time the late Tsar Nicolas II of Russia. It was on January 6, 1903, at the Ceremony of the Blessing of the Waters, which is still celebrated on that date in Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, but it was a function of special importance in pre-War Russia. The members of the Diplomatic Corps used to be asked to the Palace and watched the ceremony from its windows; but I was taken by my governess along the quay by the river, and I still remember the brilliant winter sunshine, cloudless sky and ice-cold atmosphere of that day. The river itself was a solid mass of snow-covered ice; along the shores gleamed gold domes and spires, the highest being that of the ill-fated fortress of St. Peter and Paul, both the mausoleum of dead Emperors and a political fortress. I looked up at the windows of the palaces and tried to discover my parents: then my governess showed me a deep hole in the river, specially cut out and freed of ice just opposite the Winter Palace. We stood quite close to a gaily painted wooden chapel temporarily erected on the quay and decorated with branches of pine; around us were waiting multitudes. There were other little girls in padded coats with English governesses, there were a few foreign onlookers, but mostly rows and rows of shapeless Moujiks, all silent. At eleven-thirty, I think, the Emperor, bareheaded and wearing a grey uniform, followed by his Court, walked from the Winter Palace to the Chapel, in the almost oppressive silence, soon rent by the wonderful choir of boys' voices, the young singers massed around the chapel

answering the grave chant of the priests inside. At noon, during the thundering roar of canons firing the salute, the Emperor—a slight figure surrounded by the priests in their gorgeous golden vestments—walked straight to the quayside, then down the stone steps to the frozen river, near the black hole cut in the ice. I was unable to see the priest dip the heavy cross in the water for the blessing, but the Emperor passed quite near us on his return to the Palace, and some of the women knelt down on the quay; but childlike, I was watching the bright scarlet tunics of the Cossacks glowing against the white coats with the heavy gold breastplates of the Imperial Guard.

LADY MUIR

Forecasts for Fishing

THERE ARE MANY THINGS about the fishing industry which must always remain uncontrollable. We can't control the fish nor the weather, nor the currents, and we can't control foreign markets. But we are finding out a lot about the habits of the herring and its movements in the sea, and this we think will be of some service to the industry. Research of this kind is international. It is being carried out in other countries as well, particularly Norway. We have been studying the changes in the herring shoals for many years and our knowledge of these changes is such that given the composition of the shoals in the great East Anglian fishery in any one year, we can calculate the expected composition of the shoals in the following year. We know that the herrings first appear in the shoals at the age of three years, and that a new brood will increase in numbers up to the time it is five years old. After that age, owing to fishing and natural mortality, the brood gradually begins to decrease, until at the age of eleven years, it disappears altogether.



Herring fishing-fleet—

Now, in 1933 we found that in these herring shoals there were two outstanding broods, one four years old and another six. So from this we were able to say that the 1934 season would be marked by a predominance of fish aged five and seven. A brood occurs in its greatest numbers at the age of five years, thus the expected age composition of the 1934 shoals suggested that there was to be a very good yield of good quality herrings. The time at which the fishery reaches its maximum is largely controlled by the date of the October full moon.

The influence of the moon is by no means a new discovery, for the fact that the biggest catches are usually made at the full moon has been known by the East Anglian fishermen for generations. What we have found out recently, however, is that the magnitude of the catch varies according to whether the October full moon is early or late. If the full moon appears during the first week of October its effect on the swimming of the herrings is practically negligible, but the later the moon the greater the

catch. Why the moon has this effect on the herrings is still unexplained, but there is evidence that during this period the herrings behave in an excitable manner and are thus more easily caught by the drift-nets than when they are swimming quietly and peacefully, which they probably do at other phases of the moon. Every year also thousands of herrings are measured, and it is found that, like the age of the fish, the length varies from year to year, so that since length and age are closely connected it is possible when issuing a forecast to give a fairly good idea of the size of the fish.

DR. HODGSON

Indian Legislative Assembly Elections

Broadcast on November 15

TWO MORE RESULTS in the Indian Legislative Assembly Elections are announced today. They suggest that the Congress victory is not going to be as complete as may have been ex-



—and the catch

Swains, Norwich

pected. In the Punjab, one of the two Provinces most strongly affected by the Communal Award, the Congress man has been defeated by a Hindu candidate of the Anti-Communal Award Party. This was at Jullundur.

Away in Central India, in British Ajmir, a man of the same party, has also defeated his Congress opponent. This was a three-cornered fight, and the man at the bottom of the poll was the sitting Member—Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda. The importance of this result is that Sarda has been ousted by the votes of the old orthodox Hindus. He was the sponsor of the famous Child Marriage Bill,

Weekly Illustrated

which raised the legal minimum age of marriage in India. This Bill, and certain others, have without doubt caused much disquietude to old-fashioned Hindus all over the country, and the Congress Party is also feeling the results of this, since it too favours certain social reforms. The remaining election results will therefore be very interesting.

They will not be complete for a few days yet, for polling in India takes about a fortnight.

These elections are for the legislative assembly, the 'popular' House of the Indian Parliament. The issues are fairly clear-cut. First, we have got the Congress Party, whose candidates are standing all over India on a platform of unremitting opposition to the Government of India and all its work, and, in particular, to the White Paper proposals. The vast majority of this Party are Hindus. There is another Hindu party closely allied to the Congress Party in its political outlook and tactics, but which, nevertheless, is opposing Congress candidates in many parts of

India. They are doing so because absolutely in the forefront of their programme is the rejection of the so-called 'Communal Award', that is, the proposed allotment of seats between Hindus and Muslims in the provincial legislative councils under the forthcoming Constitution. It is said that this allotment is unduly favourable to Muslims, particularly in the two important provinces of Bengal and the Punjab.

Against these two parties is the Muslim Conference Party. Its candidates, all over India, stand for the Communal Award, the whole Award, and nothing but the Award. There is also a Muslim Independent Party—a little more to the left in general politics than the Muslim conference, but on the whole determined to uphold the Communal Award.

Away in the south of India, confined to the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay and the Central Provinces, is the Justice Party. This is a Centre Party, prepared to embrace all castes and communities. The Justice Party's main strength is in the Madras Presidency, where it has for years been predominant.

So the general composition of the new legislative Assembly may be expected to be: On the left, the Congress, and allied groups and parties normally opposing the Government of India in everything. Opposed to them will be the Government bloc and nominated members usually assisted by the elected British members, and, very often, by the majority of Muslims. There are always some members who belong to no party, of whom it can never be safely predicted on which side they will vote.

The Congress and their allies may be expected to have about 50 members, which is roughly equal to the Government bloc, the nominated non-official members, and the elected Europeans put together. The key position of the Muslims and the non-party members is obvious.

An Argument for Pacificism

REFUSING TO BE VIOLENT is not becoming a doormat. It is allowing what I believe to be the power of God to flow through

you. The fact that you are ready to trust people in the certainty that they are fundamentally spiritual beings is not a subjective fancy, it is an energy which communicates itself to others and alters things. Faith not only changes my attitude to my neighbour: it establishes and maintains a spiritual attitude in which he is likewise affected. It is not true that the other fellow is the same whether you believe in him or not, for at the moment that you bring him into a spiritual companionship with yourself by thinking of him as your brother, you are making it harder for him to hate you and easier for him to love you. The North-West Frontier or the Chinese Junk is not the same frontier or the same junk after you have faced it in the spirit of Christ. For that reason I don't believe that there are any circumstances or situations in which of necessity violence is indispensable and reason inoperative. We may be called to take up our cross and give our lives for that Christian truth: we shan't be taking other people's or throwing our own away.

DONALD O. SOPER

Whimsical Walker

FOR THIRTY YEARS Whimsical Walker was the principal clown at Drury Lane before the War, and for the last fourteen years has been at Olympia at Christmas. As children, my mother took us to Drury Lane regularly for the pantomime, and it was because as a child I had learnt to worship him that I asked him to come back from his retirement and be my chief clown. In addition to being a clown, his art belonged to something which scarcely exists nowadays—the Harlequinade. He was one of the few surviving artists who devoted themselves to this peculiar form of clownery which the policy of modern music halls, at least, has now abandoned. Perhaps you will remember that Whimsical Walker had his portrait painted by Dame Laura Knight, and hung in the Academy.

CAPT. BERTRAM MILLS

Causes of War

(Continued from page 842)

through our being an island. By this means we shall free ourselves from the dangers of being blackmailed against our will either to surrender our possessions and even to hand over such means of defence as we still possess, or of being forced to join in a Continental war against our wish or against our feelings of right and justice. By it we shall remove from Europe that additional danger to peace which arises when a very wealthy nation and empire is so obviously undefended that it lies an inviting bait or prey to the ambitions or appetite of hungry Powers.

But that is not all we should do. I look to the League of Nations as being an instrument which properly sustained and guided may preserve the threatened peace of the world. I know it is fashionable in some quarters to mock at the League of Nations; but where is there any other equal hope? The many countries great and small that are afraid of being absorbed or invaded by Germany, should lay their fears and their facts before the League of Nations. The League of Nations if satisfied that these fears are justified should call upon its members to volunteer as special constables for the preservation of peace against a particular danger. Naturally those would be most ready to volunteer whose homes lay nearest the regions where the outbreak was most likely to occur. It might well be that not only two or three nations, but eight or ten might be found willing in their own interests and in the interests of peace to undertake this special obligation. There would then come into being within the League of Nations and under its formal authority, a special service band of nations who are in danger and who want to be let alone. It would be a confederation not merely of the peace-loving Powers—for everyone will say they are that—but of the peace-interested Powers, a League of those who have most to lose by war and are nearest to the danger. I accept the words which General Smuts used only on Armistice night. 'There should be', he said, 'a smaller group within the League entering into mutual defensive arrangements under the aegis and subject to the control of the League'. Great Britain should not refuse to bear her share and do her part in this. These volunteer special constables should not only be authorised but urged by the League of Nations to concert with one another measures of mutual defence against the invasion of any one of them, whether

by land, sea or air; and to undertake to maintain forces while the danger lasts which collectively are so overwhelming that there is no chance of any one of them being attacked.

You have heard of the old doctrine of the balance of power. Anything like a balance of power in Europe will lead to war. Great wars usually come only when both sides think they have good hopes of victory. Peace must be founded upon preponderance. There is safety in numbers. If there were five or six on each side there might well be a frightful trial of strength. But if there were eight or ten on one side, and only one or two upon the other, and if the collective armed forces of one side were three or four times as large as those of the other, then there will be no war. The practical arrangements which are appropriate to one peril, and to one region of the world, may be repeated elsewhere in different combinations for other dangers and in other scenes. And it might well be that gradually the whole world would be laced with international insurances against individual aggressors and that confidence and safety would return to mankind. If the first stage of such a structure could be built up by the League of Nations at the present time—and there may still be time—it would, I believe, enable us to get through the next ten years without a horrible and fatal catastrophe, and in that interval, in that blessed breathing space, we might be able to reconstruct the life of Europe and reunite in justice and goodwill our sundered and quaking civilisation. May God protect us all!

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Gardening

Planting Roses and Clematis

By C. H. MIDDLETON

A ROSE bush is a living thing and when you move it it becomes a surgical case for a time and has to get over the operation. So the less you injure it, the quicker it will recover and settle down comfortably. If you have to dig it up first, do so carefully, and don't break a root if you can help it. The perfect way would be to take a block of soil with roots intact; that, of course, is impossible, but you can be careful and gentle with it. When you plant, make a nice wide hole, not a deep one, spread the roots out and shake the soil between them, a little at a time, so that there are no vacant spaces between them. Tread it down as you plant so that the bush is firmly anchored and not easily pulled out again, but you can do that without jumping on the roots with hobnailed boots. It may take a little longer—it usually does if you do a job properly—but it pays in the long run, and you feel much more comfortable about it when it is finished. Don't plant in wet weather when the soil is wet and sticky like batter pudding; wait till it gets a bit drier, or, better still, wheel a few loads under cover for a time and then use it for filling in when you plant; you can tread it down better, without making it solid like concrete.

There is just one point to remember in planting roses. You know, of course, that roses are usually budded on to the briar stock, which means that when you buy your new rose the roots are briar and the top of the plant is the rose you want—say, Madam Butterfly. If you look carefully you will see, about half-way up the stem, the point of union where the rose was originally budded on to the briar. At this stage it looks merely like a kind of joint in the stem, but it is plain enough to see. Now it is important that you plant your rose with this joint just below the surface of the soil, because it is from this point that your best rose shoots will spring as time goes on, and they will do so much more freely if this point is in contact with the moist soil. Don't put heavy manure under your roses at planting time, they are better without it until they have made some new roots and built up a digestive system. Heavy and strong manure makes them tender and predisposes them to all sorts of diseases. If your soil is light and you can get a few good turfy clods to dig in, so much the better; but the only manure I should advise at planting time is a handful of bone-meal mixed with the soil round each bush; it encourages healthy root action without producing soft growth.

Now, what about a few new or unusual varieties of roses? You all know the popular ones, such as Madam Butterfly, Shot Silk and so on, but I would like to mention one or two good ones I spotted this year. One was called Autumn—well named, too; it has all the brilliant colours of autumn beech trees. Another is a mixture of apricot and scarlet, called Mrs. S. McGrady. Then there is one called Mrs. George Geary, which is orange and cerise. And lastly, W. E. Chaplin, a really fine dark red one. All these four are good shapely flowers with plenty of substance. So many of the new roses seem to be ragged semi-single kind of flowers. I like a rose with some 'innards' in it, and some scent as well.

In the climbing section, there are one or two good things some of you might like to try. You've nearly all got Paul's Scarlet climber by this time, and a very fine show it makes. Well, now try Chaplin's Pink Climber, and I believe you will like it equally well. Mermaid is another you ought to try—not exactly new, but still a novelty; it is a great big single yellow flower, and there is something very taking about it. And while you are planting climbers, don't forget the climbing hybrid teas. Some of the best H.T.'s have climbing forms, and the great thing about them is that they produce perfect flowers all through summer and autumn, not just for a fortnight in July while you're away on holiday, as so many of the older ramblers do.

Don't overlook the dwarf polyantha roses; they are getting very popular—and deservedly so—for they seem to be always in flower. I saw some lovely beds of them only yesterday, with masses of flowers on them, and there is quite a nice range of colours for you to select from now. Before we leave roses, if you have room, I would like to suggest a plant or two of the species called *rosa moyesii*. This has a lovely single flower of a deep maroon colour, but perhaps its greatest beauty is in the autumn when it is covered with great big bright red fruits.

So much for the roses. The next thing you'll be wanting for

the new garden—or rather for the new house—is a nice climber or two. What about a clematis or two for a start? A good many people seem afraid of the clematis because it has the reputation of being a tricky grower, which is true under certain conditions, but if you make the conditions right for it, it won't disappoint you. In the first place, plant it in a shady corner if possible. The top part of the plant can have as much sunshine as you like, but the root doesn't like it. In nature it grows in the woods and although it sends its flowers out to greet the sun, the rootstock remains out of sight. Next, see to the drainage: before you plant a clematis, dig out a good deep hole, break up the bottom with a fork, and throw a shovelful or two of broken bricks or mortar rubble into it, to help drain away the surplus water. Then fill up the hole with some good soil; turfy loam is the best, with a little lime mixed with it. Make it fairly firm and plant your clematis rather shallow. If you get the collar of the plant below the soil surface, it has a nasty habit of rotting off. Some of the clematis varieties are rather shy and exacting, so let me give you three easy ones to start with. First, *jackmanii*, which is the well-known dark purplish blue one, which flowers from July onwards. It is an old variety, but it still takes a lot of beating, and you get the best results from it if you cut it right down to within a few inches of the ground at this time of the year and let it make a new plant each summer. Another good one for a building is *clematis montana*, which has small white flowers and plenty of them. There is also a pink form of it known as *montana rubra*. Pruning of this one is quite different. You don't cut it down to the ground, but merely trim back the dead tips in February, at the same time thinning out some of the old and weak growth. The only other one I shall recommend now is the Nellie Moser, which has a very large flower, pale mauve, with a red mark on the petals. It is a good one for training up by the side of a door or window. This is also best pruned in February in the manner I advised for *montana*.

Forthcoming Music

St. Cecilia's Day will be celebrated in the National Programme tomorrow (November 22) by a programme of music specially arranged by Felix Felton and described as 'a set of variations in music and words on the theme "What passion cannot Music raise and quell"'. The organist will be Berkeley Mason, and the words will be spoken by Felix Aylmer, Robert Speaight and Lilian Harrison.

Tomorrow evening (November 22), London Regional will relay the Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert from the Queen's Hall, at which Sir Hamilton Harty is to receive from the Marquis of Londonderry the Gold Medal of the Society. Sir Hamilton will conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra in works by Berlioz and Mozart and his own Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, the solo violin in the latter being played by Paul Beard.

The second of the B.B.C. Concerts of Contemporary Music will be given on Friday (November 23), before an audience in the Concert Hall at Broadcasting House. The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D), conducted by Constant Lambert, will play Erik Chisholm's Overture for Chamber Orchestra, and the Suite 'Maximilian' by Milhaud; and, with Marcelle Meyer as the solo pianist, 'Five Studies for Pianoforte and Small Orchestra', by de Roos, and 'Partita for Pianoforte and Small Orchestra', by Markevitch.

The New English Singers will give a recital from London Regional at 8.0 on Friday (November 23), including songs by William Byrd, Thomas Morley, J. P. Sweelinck, Thomas Greaves and Thomas Bateson. Rudolph Dolmetsch will play three pieces for the harpsichord by William Byrd.

Under the title of 'Ellan Vannin Through the Ages', a Manx National Programme will be broadcast from London Regional on Sunday (November 25). The programme, based on the music of traditional Manx airs, has been arranged by Gerrard Williams and Malcolm Frost, and will be given by the Wireless Chorus and B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra with a number of soloists.

Hdebrando Pizzetti will conduct the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section B) in a performance of his own 'Canti della Stagione Alta' during the Sunday Orchestral Concert on November 25. Eileen Joyce will be the solo pianist, and the rest of the programme will consist of Schubert's Rosamunde Overture, and Symphony No. 8, in F, Op. 93, by Beethoven.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Causes of War

Mr. Huxley, in his discussion of the causes of war, questions the efficacy of proposed solutions of the problem. He suggests 'sedatives', political, economic, or psychological, until such time as the analysts, after perhaps half a century, agree in their diagnoses and discover a cure. Meanwhile, say Mr. Milne and our own fears, the next war will destroy us all.

This pessimistic use of the 'human factor' argument to block hopes of a solution to our present troubles is so widespread as to raise suspicions of its source. Instead of the old attitude, 'It's all God's doing and there's nothing we can do', we have 'It's all the fault of the Unconscious [with a capital U] and there's nothing to be done'. War, Mr. Huxley suggests, sanctifies delight in destruction, and in war the suicide rate falls. Men, in fact, can indulge their anti-social tendencies, repressed in peace.

But why do men commit suicide in peace time, why are nine out of ten of their desires unsatisfied, reasonable or unreasonable, constructive or destructive? Are you hungry, or cold? Have you a wife and children to support? Have you a job you hate? Have you no house, or are you in debt for the one you have? Would you like to climb mountains, or sail a boat, or make your own furniture, or grow flowers, or just lie on your back in the sun? We all know why it is only the rich or the reckless who regard these questions as irrelevant. 'If only I had the money!' Or (if you like longer words) 'If only I had economic security!' Our instincts are not primarily destructive; they become so because our innocent or constructive wishes are unrealisable, or realisable only in such diluted form that we license occasional orgies of destruction as a sheer emotional necessity. The solution of the money problem will not, evidently, create a world of saints, but it will give us economic security (living as we do in an age of potential plenty), it will stop the struggle for export markets which of itself leads inevitably to war, and it will ensure that men who remain secretly or openly anti-social will no longer find themselves in the vast majority, but will have to indulge their passions without the sanction of society. Is there any method of doing it, except for the National Dividend so brilliantly advocated by Mr. Orage in his broadcast on the night before his death?

Godalming

JAMES BENNETT

'Causes of War' has developed to a certain extent, as one had hoped, into a series on 'Methods of Peace'. But let us hope that future speakers will suggest better methods than we have had up to date. From Dr. Inge one really expected something better; the armaments 'racket' summarily dismissed without even a suggestion that the question should be probed; an apparent disbelief in the League of Nations without any indication of its real possibilities. Is there to be no lead from the Churches, or must we still witness them preaching peace and goodwill on Sunday and officiating at the launching of a cruiser on Monday or blessing drums and flags on Tuesday?

Manchester

CHARLES W. GRADWELL

Surely war in the final analysis is invariably economic; other apparent causes, such as a nation's mental sickness, the armament racket and so on, are merely symptoms of the disease. Sadism and masochism and almost all crime are themselves economic in origin. In short, war, crime and universal mental unbalance are as out-of-date today as our idiotic money system which allows unprecedented poverty and misery to co-exist with a potential stupendous plenty. They are merely the expression of poverty and, what is perhaps as bad, the ubiquitous fear of poverty. Food is, after all, the basis on which everything else depends.

Our economic system is controlled today entirely by the international credit monopolists—the bankers; it is therefore here in the banking system that we shall find the cause of the present ridiculous paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty. Major Douglas has pointed out with ineluctable logic what this cause is, and how it can be remedied—by the nationalisation of credit and the subsidisation of the consumer. The scheme in spite of repeated attacks remains the only intelligent (or intelligible) proposal in modern economics.

London, W.14

ERIC S. DE MARÉ

Scope of the School Certificate Examination

May I point out that the clash between the demands of the School Certificate and possible leisure-hour activities is hardly as severe as Mr. Thomas suggested in his 'Outside the Classroom' broadcast? I feel certain that it was an oversight that Mr. Thomas failed to state that he might have replied to Tom's mother, who enquired whether her son should drop his music during the examination year, 'Drop his music, certainly not; as he is keen on the subject why not let him offer it in the examination?' Nor is music the only one of these 'less academic' subjects which may be offered at School Certificate. Today children may follow to some extent their own particular bent by presenting subjects such as Art, Handicraft, Domestic Science, Agricultural Science, Spinning and Weaving, Mechanical Engineering—or even Navigation!

Upminster

G. A. GERMAN

Labour Camps in Germany

As in a recent issue you published an article entitled 'A National Socialist Labour Camp', by Mr. G. Carpenter, an undergraduate of Yale University, in which these institutions were made to appear far from pleasant or desirable, may I be permitted in your pages to record a different impression? I admit that Mr. Carpenter has an advantage over me inasmuch as he has actually been a resident in a labour camp for the period of three weeks, while my own knowledge of these camps is derived from a much briefer acquaintance. Yet my judgment is perhaps not entirely without value, for the surface of things is very important, especially when we are judging actual physical conditions and the appearance and demeanour of human beings.

I was taken to three localities in the neighbourhood of Berlin. In the first of these the young men were making a great new motor-traffic road; in the second they were draining marshland so that it might be used for agricultural purposes; while in the third they were engaged upon a work of irrigation. In each case when we approached the group of workers, my guide, who was an officer in Nazi uniform, saluted them in friendly manner and the foreman of the group came up and shook hands with him and gave a brief account of what the men were doing. The relationship established between the leaders and the men under their direction was genial and obviously founded upon mutual respect. The living quarters were well planned and appeared to me to provide the conditions for perfect health. Early rising and hard manual labour are certainly insisted upon, but the routine is drawn up by medical experts with a view to strengthening the bodies of young men without permitting them to suffer from over-exhaustion. It is noteworthy that in the afternoons a couple of hours' rest is prescribed. Each camp which I visited was provided with a sports ground of ample dimensions. Nor are the social and intellectual aspects of the men's training neglected. I saw a library, not very large at present but destined to grow considerably as more funds become available for this purpose, and there were rooms set aside for lectures and discussions. It would be of special interest if, as a corrective to Mr. Carpenter's account, some young Englishman, not politically biased, would serve in a German camp for a few months and give his impressions.

London, W.C.1

A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS

'The England of Charles II'

I am very sorry that Mr. Bryant should think that my review of his book did him an injustice. But the 'insinuation' of class stratification and all that it implies into the reference to his account of Restoration society is his doing, not mine. Any reader of his book will readily admit that he holds strong views about the wickedness of snobbery and the injustices to human motives wrought by class bias, views with which I imagine many members of his despised 'sheltered intelligentsia' would be compelled to agree. It must, however, be said that the leisurely re-reading of his pages recommended in Mr. Bryant's letter has only fortified me in the opinion that, in so far as he has recaptured the spirit of the later seventeenth century, the point of view expressed is that of 'the landed gentry and their connec-

tions'. These are the people who come alive in his interesting book and receive most of the attention. This does not mean that a class war was raging or even that the social cleavages identified, rightly or wrongly, in the literature of today had the same reality then. Mr. Bryant appears to object to the word 'peasant'. Why?

Kew

A. V. JUDGES

Bosch v. Dali

With reference to the illustration of the panel by Bosch, surely there is a more striking parallel in the work of William Blake than in the example of Dali? And please, what is 'an accessible, unconscious'?

Maltón

A. W. CARTER

While I have the greatest respect for Mr. Herbert Read's knowledge of modern art, and find his articles always suggestive, I feel called upon to protest occasionally against his too ready generalisations. In his article in last week's issue of THE LISTENER Mr. Read writes:

Caricature is perhaps always based on a contempt for the world or for the mass of humanity, and such a contempt for this world, we might expect, would lead to a corresponding belief in the world beyond. To a realist of Bosch's type, the most real part of the world beyond would be the Devil and all his works.

One has only to read through these two sentences to realise how enormous and how numerous are the assumptions involved. The very modest 'perhaps' is an altogether insufficient precaution.

It is, of course, necessary in every study to construct hypotheses; but when an hypothesis is publicly stated, one or both of the following precautions should be taken: (i) The scope and nature of the assumptions involved should be clearly indicated; (ii) The factual material should be related so far as possible to the hypothesis. Mr. Read does neither of these things, and it is therefore necessary to point out that he is making psychological generalisations that would be exceedingly difficult, if not quite impossible, to substantiate. At the same time I do not doubt that there is a connection between caricature and superrealism, and am grateful to Mr. Read for drawing attention to this.

Courtauld Institute of Art

A. C. SEWTER

Romanesque

Your correspondent Mr. Renshaw is quite right in saying Romanesque is not Roman: it is Byzantine. In architecture, 'Romanesque' means a fusion of many influences in Southern Europe from Sicily and the Levant as well as from Moorish Spain. Italian workmen were taught by Greek and Syrian masons who came to Sicily in the eighth and ninth centuries. Building guilds full of religious fervour were rife and formed themselves into secret societies and masonic fraternities. The secret was that the Church was the symbol of the Body of Christ, as a risen, living and perfected man. The ground-plan, as in Monreale S. Issoire, Bath Abbey and many other places, was in the proportions of a perfect human figure with the arms outstretched: cruciform but not crucified. The East was the Head where the chained books were kept in apsidal chapels. This archetypal man was, of course, androgyne, and we find Boaz the pillar at the west end of the north side, with pomegranates round the base, while Joachim the female pillar is on the south with lilies on it. This double-sex motif is carried out in all the ornamentation, such as the egg and tongue bordering, the bead and reel edgings, and the banded torus, a bundle of straight rods, encircled by loops of ribbon carved in stone. This organic motif gives the extraordinary richness and beauty to Romanesque cathedrals and explains their mysterious charm combined with dignity and repose.

Hurstpierpoint

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE

Poverty in Plenty

The truth of Mr. Henderson's statement, that incomes are generated in production and sale of goods, is not in the least affected by the existence of a 'time-lag'—that favourite refuge of Social Credit doctrinaires. It is only when the central banks fail to maintain world prices at a level with the costs of primary producers that the latter's income becomes inadequate for the output of finished goods, with resulting unemployment in the durable goods industries and further reduction of incomes in general. People like Mr. Hilderik Cousens, who confuse investment with credit and believe credit should be 'distributed without debt', do not realise that the purpose of investment is not only to produce more but to produce more economically;

and they ignore the facts (a) that the volume and the velocity of money *tend* to increase with the output of goods, (b) that real income may increase through higher quality or lower prices of consumers' goods.

Kensington

GEOFFREY BIDDULPH

In Dr. Dalton's broadcast under the title 'Our Present Discontents', he does not use the word 'Socialism'. He merely admits that it is a fair description of what he said. Most of his facts are true enough, but the same cannot be said for the gloss he puts upon them. The facts of poverty and unemployment are unfortunately only too true, but to attribute them to modern capitalism is merely to assert an unproved political theory. At no time and in no country has so much been done to remedy these evils. Poverty and unemployment have always existed in the world, and the War with its aftermath, and the unprecedented increase in the use of machinery, are the obvious main causes of the evils from which we suffer. Dr. Dalton refers to a recent case, in which a man died worth 17 millions, and says the greater part goes to relatives and friends, whereas he must know that the greater part goes to the Treasury and helps to pay for our social services. If it is wrong, as he says, that men should make large fortunes, what alternative has yet been found to establish new industries and promote old ones except the spur of profit and success? Whenever a Government has undertaken such things, it has invariably failed. Take, for example, the case of State shipping in America and in Australia, and we have had many examples of Government mismanagement in this country. 'We must have planning', he says, but that is exactly what the National Government is giving us. We are trying it in such different directions as town and country planning, coal-mining, and various branches of agriculture and, if these experiments succeed, we may safely count on its extension to other branches of industry.

Haslemere

W. P. HUME

I agree with Dr. Hugh Dalton, Mr. Stuart Chase and Mr. J. A. Hobson that the fundamental cause of poverty and of unemployment is the mal-ratio between labour charges and capital charges. The workers are too poor to purchase one-half of their own products, and the owners of land and capital are too surfeited to consume or to invest the remainder. The remedy is a compulsory raising of wages together with a surtax on the super-tax payers. Idle, frozen, unspendable or uninvestable money should be transferred to the working-class in higher unemployment benefits, in higher and earlier old-age pensions, and in raising the school age (with necessitous grants). The only *palliative* for the present jungle-like morass is an improved ratio between wages and salaries on the one hand and rent, interest and profit on the other. The only *cure* is a new social order which recognises that we have reached a new economic epoch.

Llanelly

DAN GRIFFITHS

Closing Down Cotton Mills

The logical extension of Professor John Hilton's approval of the payment proposed in compensation for the closing of some of the cotton mills would appear to be the payment of compensation to all failures, and, further, the retention of the cost of failure as a capital charge on future industry. Surely a more difficult problem than the one he himself poses.

Ockley

JOHN LEGGATE

Questions to Sir James Jeans

Sir James, in his lecture of November 13 said, 'The solar system is something of a freak—an accident. In his book, *The Mysterious Universe*, he said:

If the universe is a universe of thought, then its creation must have been an act of thought. Indeed, the finiteness of time and space almost compel us of ourselves to picture the creation as an act of thought: the determination of the constants such as the radius of the universe and the number of electrons it contained imply thought, whose richness is measured by the immensity of these qualities. Time and space which form the setting for the thought must have come into being as part of this act. . . . Modern scientific theory compels us to think of the Creator as working outside time and space which are part of His creation.

I should be pleased to read Sir James' explanation of this apparent contradiction in thought. Were the solar system an accident then all the processes of life that follow from it surely are also. Why does the Creator stop at the creation of time and space and leave the rest to accident or chance?

Teddington

T. WENDEN

If the atmosphere froze solid it *would* 'weigh' heavier, as it would be nearer the centre of the earth, just as a 1-lb. weight is 'heavier' at the pole than at the equator or even on the floor than on the table.

Pearmarsh

J. R. BIGGS

Your correspondent, 'Carolus', states that the pressure on the inside of the base of a vessel containing air at a pressure of 30 inches of mercury is the same as that at the bottom of a vessel containing mercury to a depth of thirty inches, while the weight of the mercury is many thousands of times that of the air. This is quite correct, of course, but the case of the atmosphere is different, since the top is not enclosed in any way. The pressure at the bottom of the vessel of air is the sum of two pressures, that due to the actual weight of the air, and that exerted by the top of the vessel on the air. If this latter pressure did not exist, the air would simply flow out of the vessel. We cannot in this case therefore regard pressure and weight per

unit area as identical, but the pressure at the bottom of the atmosphere is due to the weight of air alone and pressure becomes the same as weight per unit area. Hence replacing the atmosphere by mercury to a depth of 30 inches would make no difference to the pressure at the earth's surface.

Cambridge

H. T. HEYWOOD

Care of the Mentally Unfit

I fully share the concern of your correspondent Mr. F. J. Booth at the present unchecked increase of mental and physical defects, with its heavy cost to this country, and its inevitably disastrous effect on the future of the race. But I hope he does not suppose—as unfortunately many people seem to do—that the great body of religious feeling among us is inimical to those steps for racial betterment so earnestly advocated by eugenicists, for in their society he will find the names of some of our most distinguished churchmen and sincere Christians.

Hereford

M. A. BINSTED

Short Story

The Little Black Kid

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO*

THERE never, of course, was the slightest question but that Trockley was right. In fact, I'll go further—I'll say, quite definitely, that Trockley must always be right. A man so thoroughly sensible, so logical, so splendidly rigid and exact in his every thought and act, how, under any circumstance, could he ever be wrong?

John Trockley and I are of an age. We were born in the same year and the same month, almost on the same day, he in England, I in Sicily. But Time deals differently with all of us. Owing to my deplorable character, so impulsive and undisciplined, I am capable of sustaining more damage in a single day than my excellent friend in a good ten years. Certainly at fifty I am much more battered than Trockley will ever be at sixty, or even at seventy. With his rigorous habits of self-discipline, his dieting, his system of physical and mental culture, he ought to live practically for ever. Why, his lobster face has hardly a line in it, and in spite of his silvered hair he can still do his daily dozens with the agility of a youth.

Having laid down the premise that Trockley must always be right, I'll ask you for a moment to listen to what happened to him some years ago. Then, if you can, tell me that Trockley was wrong.

* * *

One glorious April, following the itinerary prescribed by 'Baedeker' for a journey in Italy, little Miss Nancy Netherwood, the young, pretty and vivacious daughter of Sir Joshua Netherwood, Baronet, found herself in Sicily, at Girgenti, to visit the marvellous remains of the Doric temples at Agrigentum, known to the Greeks as Akragas. Allured by the beauty of the shore, that in April is a wilderness of olives and white almond-blossoms softly fanned by the breath of the African sea, she decided to pass a night at the Hotel des Temples, the large and luxurious hotel that rises in the open country, some miles from the squalid little town of today.

Trockley at that time was Vice-Consul—had been Vice-Consul for twenty-two years. And for twenty-two years, every day unfailingly, at sunset, he had walked with his elastic and measured tread from the upper city on the slope, where he resided, to the majestic, ruined temples on the neighbouring hill that was once the site of the beautiful city of Akragas, sung by Pindar as the loveliest city of mortals.

The citizens of Akragas, according to the ancients, used to eat every day as though doomed to die on the next, and used to build their houses as though destined not to die at all. Today they eat very sparingly, for they are poor and humble; and as for the ancient houses, not a trace is left of them—which is hardly surprising when one thinks of the seven sacks and as many burnings and the numberless wars that swept over them. In place of the houses there is now a wood, a beautiful wood of almond-trees and olives, and the grey-green

foliage of the olives straggles very nearly till beneath the Greek temples, and seems to pray for peace to those abandoned hills. Below, when it can, flows the River Akragas, that Pindar describes as rich in flocks. The flocks have vanished, but are replaced by some herds of goats that scale the rocky ridge to the Temple of Concord, which is still intact. There, in the majestic shade of the Doric columns, these animals stretch themselves out and chew their meagre pasturage. The goat-herd, brutish and somnolent as an Arab, reclines among his beasts, and draws from his cane flute a long and melancholy note.

And now comes the point. These goats were Trockley's mania. The presence of those filthy, chewing animals among the pure columns of the ancient temple was nothing less than an outrage, a vile desecration. Again and again he had lodged complaints with the authorities, only to be met with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile. Every time that I accompanied him on his walks, as I sometimes did when the weather was fine, he would complain to me bitterly of those shrugs and smiles and point his stick viciously at the chewing goats reclining so calmly in the sacred precincts. And when, as frequently happened, we met with tourists at the Temple of Concord, or at the other, further up, called Juno Lacinia, or at the other that is popularly known as the Temple of the Giants, Trockley would unload his grievance on these innocents with undying rancour and bitterness.

Not every tourist, however, agreed with him. Some even liked the goats. Some went so far as to find them poetic, stretched there in those ruined temples in the midst of that lovely and abandoned country, so sad, so forlorn.

One day at the Temple of Concord we fell in with some English, among them pretty Miss Nancy Netherwood, the young and very lively daughter of Sir Joshua Netherwood, Baronet, a person held by Trockley in the highest esteem. And Nancy, unfortunately, was on the side of the goats. More, she was enchanted; she thought them too lovely for words, too wonderfully poetic. In fact, while the Vice-Consul was discoursing on archæology, giving facts not mentioned in 'Baedeker' or in any guide-book whatsoever, Nancy committed the indelicacy of sprinting suddenly after a tiny kid, black, black and shiny, just a few days old, that was hopping and skipping with mad enjoyment, leaping daringly here and there, as though the atmosphere around him were dancing with midges of light, then suddenly stopping dead, shivering with timidity, because every shadow and puff of air were so new and strange to him in his short little life.

Well, to be brief, Nancy fell in love with him, and decided on the spot to buy him—and at once!

Well, I was charmed. The fervour and joy of that sweet young girl, who had fallen so completely for the little black kid that she wanted to purchase him, and at once, seemed to

me delightful. But my heart really bled for the poor Vice-Consul who had every sign of frightful unhappiness. Poor Miss Nancy, how could she guess what he had suffered from those goats, so long and intensely!

'Wha-a-t!' he gasped. 'You can't mean you want to *buy* that creature?'

'Yes, yes! I want to buy him, and at once. Oh, please do arrange it, Mr. Trockley . . . please, please . . .'

Poor Trockley! He begged, he implored her. He explained what a nuisance she'd be shouldering. He asked her what she'd do with it. He reasoned with her. He prophesied the most dreadful complications. . . . In vain. She was determined to buy him, and at once. At last, from the respect due to her father, Sir Joshua Netherwood, Baronet, he gave in to her. Rousing the sleepy goatherd from his slumber he concluded the purchase.

The money paid and the black kid delivered, Miss Nancy informed the Vice-Consul that immediately on her arrival in London she would wire him to despatch her the animal by steamer to her home. In the meantime she'd leave him with the Manager of the Hotel. Then skipping into her carriage off she bowed, excited, blissful, hugging to her breast the little black kid that was bleating plaintively, kicking and struggling in her arms and flicking its little tail.

As I watched, outlined against the sun that was sinking gloriously in a bevy of pink cloudlets tipped with crimson and enfaming the sea below till it shone like a limitless golden mirror—as I watched that black carriage moving off with that fair, fragile child in a cloud of golden light, truly it seemed to me a dream. But at the same time I was forced to recognise that Miss Nancy was not always, perhaps, very sensible—in fact that she had nothing at all of that good commonsense that governed so rightly and gravely the thoughts, the acts and the words of her worthy compatriot John Trockley, Esq., Vice-Consul to His Britannic Majesty at Girenti.

Then what did she have, after all, in the place of commonsense, our little Miss Nancy?

Stupidity. Nothing but stupidity, says Trockley, with a fury so badly curbed as to be almost painful in a man like him, so habitually reserved, so sensible.

The reason for his fury is in the events that ensued.

The day following the purchase Miss Nancy left Sicily, after confiding the kid, with many instructions, to the Manager of the Hotel. First she went to Greece. From Greece she went to Egypt; from Egypt to India. When she arrived at last in London it was late in December.

The marvel is, that after eight months and more of travel, with all its thrills and novelties and new excitements, she still remembered the tiny kid that she had bought on that far-off day in the ancient temple in Sicily. However, remember it she did. No sooner arrived, she wired to Trockley, as she had arranged, asking her to send the little animal to her London address.

Now every year towards the middle of June the Hotel des Temples shuts up, not to open again till November. The Manager, being obliged to leave in June, had entrusted the kid to the caretaker, making no secret of his irritation at all the bother that the creature had given him, explaining that the Vice-Consul would soon be claiming it, so as to ship it to London. As months passed and no one claimed it, the caretaker in his turn had handed it to the goat-herd who had originally sold it, promising to pay for its pasturage, or in case nobody claimed it, as seemed likely, to give it to him outright. The goat-herd, in his turn, had entrusted it to another goat-herd, with the same promises made to him by the caretaker. So on the arrival of Nancy's wire, Manager, caretaker and goat-herd were equally in a fix—the Manager for having shifted it to the caretaker, the caretaker for having shifted it to the goat-herd, the goat-herd for having shifted it further.

The search lasted a full month. But at length, late in December, there was brought one day to the Consulate, where John Trockley was despatching his official duties, an enormous horned beast, stinking most frightfully, its black fleece faded to the colour of rust, and torn and ragged, and encrusted with excrement, bleating hoarsely, with its head low and menacing, as if demanding angrily what they wanted with it in that place so foreign to anything it had been accustomed to.

Do you think Trockley was nonplussed? Not a bit of it! Making a rapid mental sum of the time elapsed between April

and December, he decided, quite reasonably, that this monstrous, stinking brute might very well be the little black kid that had skipped and frolicked in the Spring. Without more ado he wired Miss Nancy that he would send it by the first steamer sailing for London. Tying round its neck a label with Miss Nancy's address on it, he gave orders for it to be sent to the port. Here, with a grave risk to his dignity, he met it in person, and dragged it, jibbing fiercely, by a rope along the quay, surrounded by a crowd of urchins hooting and jeering. Having embarked the brute on the steamer, he returned home, secure in having done his duty scrupulously—the duty he had undertaken, certainly not for that stupid girl, but only from the respect he entertained for her father, Sir Joshua Netherwood, Baronet.

A week or two later came a knock at my door. I opened it: It was Trockley—but a Trockley so shattered in mind and body that I was terrified. I sprang forward to hold him up. I led him to a chair. I forced some water between his lips.

'For the love of God, Trockley', I cried, 'what has happened?'

Too agitated to speak he fished feebly from his pocket a letter. I snatched it and read it.

It was signed 'Joshua Netherwood', and was a violent tirade of abuse, asking with threats and rage how the Vice-Consul had dared, had presumed, to send his daughter that filthy and frightening brute.

This! . . . *this* for the worries, the difficulties, the ridicule he had taken on his shoulders, out of the purest kindness! . . .

That fool, what on earth had she expected? Had she thought that after eight months and a half the kid would be still a kid just a few days old! . . . The girl must be an idiot, a half-wit . . . Poor Trockley couldn't get over it! . . .

I patted him, I smoothed him down. I agreed that Miss Nancy, perhaps, had been somewhat foolish—

'She's stupid, stupid, stupid', he interrupted me.

'No, dear fellow, not stupid, but perhaps just a trifle unreasonable. Now think for a bit. When she left in April her eyes and her heart were filled with that darling little kid, black, black and shiny, skipping so madly among the Greek columns, quivering, startled, a tiny black little kid just a few days old—how, I ask you (now let us be fair), how, I ask you, could she welcome that huge, menacing goat that you planted on her in London?'

He turned on me a look of hatred.

'And you? What would you have done?' he asked me spitefully.

'Well, dear fellow, I mustn't be unreasonable, like pretty Miss Nancy—but d'you know, in your place, what I'd have done? Either I'd have written that her pet had pined and died, from longing for her kisses; or else I'd have bought another little kid, black, black and shiny, just a few days old, the living spit of the darling little animal she had bought in April, feeling perfectly certain that it would never have occurred to her that a kid in eight-and-a-half months might have grown into a goat. So you see I do recognise that pretty Miss Nancy doesn't always reason, and that all the logic and all the reason is entirely with you, as always, my excellent Trockley, my friend'.

Man Like Sun

Stretching forth to clouds, mountains, and a land
Sleep-locked, lifting the heavy leaves of death,
Man like sun arises, dark through days
His power condensing. Simpler than grass his breath
Hung first at lips, diaphanous. The ways
Of the wind distraised his hair. Personal desire
Shaped him. Youth and the summer marriage
Fulfilled the image, that lusts and fears, like fish
Here and there fretting his inconstant nature,
Might fall away. Now beyond the soft barrage
Of time, knows he must turn, his lakes of wishing
Steeped, and feel the protective past, with hands
Of a ghost, recoil from the hard trust of his loins.
For he will pass through the sea, whose creature
Movements beat now like the widening quiver
Of light through his attestant blood. Will join
Many together in the welding of a new love.

RANDALL SWINGLER

Books and Authors

Some Recent Books on Music

THE output of musical literature is now so large that only a small portion of it can be adequately reviewed, even in the musical journals. From a number of recent musical books that THE LISTENER has been unable to include in its review columns, I choose some for brief notice, first pointing out that most of them call for more extended consideration than is possible.

A model example of the short biography is Edward J. Dent's *Handel* in the 'Great Lives' series. Nothing material seems to be missing; the facts are given, free of imaginative and pictorial trimmings, and at the same time with a literary skill that conveys admirably the period and conditions under which the composer's work was done. The book is, in fact, one more proof that the plain telling of a story helps the reader to visualise the setting and details far better than the so-called 'colourful' method that is now the vogue. Only on one material point does Professor Dent leave fact for fancy—or, rather, hypothesis. In regard to Handel's liberal use of other composers' music, he suggests an explanation that is new, and worth consideration. Early in 1737 Handel suffered from paralysis, and for a long time afterwards he was mentally unfit. Professor Dent says:

No one seems to have noticed hitherto that Handel's 'borrowings' begin in 1736 on a small scale, and become more frequent in 1737, after which they develop into a regular habit. It seems only natural, therefore, to connect them with Handel's mental collapse; it became acute in the Spring of 1737, but it may well have been approaching in the previous year.

Many thousands of words have been written in condemnation and condonation of Handel's pilferings; the two sentences quoted probably contain the likeliest explanation.

The B.B.C. programmes seem to indicate that there is now a considerable public for the organ and its music. The instrument itself must always be somewhat of a mystery to the layman. It is difficult of access, and although a mere tyro may produce a great variety of pleasing noises from it, a really good organ technique can be acquired only after some years of work, always hard and in some stages physically exhausting. The average listener, then, can never get on terms with the organ as he can with the piano and some other instruments; and so long as his experience of it was confined to the example at the local church his interest was not greatly roused. Today, when he finds a half-dozen organ recitals broadcast weekly, by fine players (some of them) on fine organs (most of them), he begins to ask questions. He will find everything he wants to know admirably set forth in a recently issued book, *The Organ and its Music, a Guide for Wireless and Gramophone Listeners*, by A. C. Delacour de Brisay. It contains historical surveys of the growth of the instrument and its repertory, clear descriptions of the mechanics of the organ, and a much-needed chapter on its aesthetics; a comprehensive list of gramophone records of organ music is a useful addition. The author is both enthusiastic and well-informed, and his book (the first of its kind, I believe) meets a genuine need.

The Heritage of Music, Vol. II, is a collection of essays by various hands (mostly well-known) collected and edited by Hubert J. Foss. Its publication may be taken as evidence of the success of Vol. I, which appeared a few years ago. The essays number twelve, and deal with Byrd; the Scarlattis; the French clavecin composers Rameau and Couperin; Handel; Gluck; Weber; Berlioz; Mendelssohn; Chopin; Liszt; Verdi; and Wolf. The authors are all more or less authorities on their chosen subjects, and there is no need to name all the dozen. An element of unity in the book results from the fact that the composers are mostly of the second grade—a useful reminder that a very large proportion of the world's best (certainly of its most enjoyable) music has been written by men outside the group that comprises the 'three B's', Wagner, Schubert, and one or two others on the border-line. Several of the essays provide tempting material for quotation and discussion, but space will not permit. I can do no more than mention as outstanding, on the grounds of wit no less than of scholarship, the essay by Professor Tovey. Yet his subject is, on the face of it, unpromising: Gluck—a composer about whom the musical public knows little and cares less. But to Tovey a topic merely serves as a starter to a musical brain that has no superior—or equal, perhaps—in the world today.

There was recently some discussion in THE LISTENER on rubato. It may be useful if I mention here a small but comprehensive book—not a new publication, by the way—entitled *Rubato, or The Secret of Expression in Pianoforte Playing*, by J. Alfred Johnstone. The detailed analysis, from an expressive point of view, of a large number of typical passages from the pianoforte classics is a valuable feature in a book that is throughout eminently practical.

Here is a good addition to what may be called musical guidebooks—*Music and How to Enjoy It: a Book for Wireless and Other Listeners*, by J. H. Elliot. In his 130 pages the author covers the ground well, the core of the book being a sixty-page historical sketch. I am glad to say that Mr. Elliot knocks on the head, at the very start, a popular delusion about the place of technique in art:

We must guard strongly against taking up an unintelligent attitude towards musical technique—an attitude which, even in these relatively enlightened days, is by no means uncommon. We must not, for example, confuse literacy with pedantry. The musician with the complete command of the mechanical side of his art is not necessarily an academic dry-as-dust. The most heart-easing music in the world has been written—indeed, could only have been written—by men with overwhelming technical knowledge. We may quite justly condemn the narrow-minded pedant who cannot see the wood for the trees; but we must remember that if there were no trees there could be no wood.

Another excellent short biography in the 'Great Lives' series is *Bach*, by Esther Meynell. I mention here that this author's imaginative little book, *The Little Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach*, which was first published anonymously some years ago, has just been reissued in a pocket edition. It has appeared in several European translations.

Among the composers to whom the English nineteenth-century revival owed much were two who today receive less than their due—Parry and Stanford. They have always been bracketed together, despite obvious dissimilarities, and it is fitting that they should be discussed under one cover, even though the plan leads to short measure for both. The book is J. A. Fuller-Maitland's *The Music of Parry and Stanford: an Essay in Comparative Criticism*. I warmly commend this book. It ought to serve as a much-needed reminder of the part played by the pair in bringing about the greatly increased prestige of British music; and it will also, let us hope, lead to the rediscovery of many delightful works that have dropped out of the repertory mainly because the period in which they were written is at present out of fashion.

For amateur pianists who struggle enjoyably with Beethoven there are four booklets entitled *Difficulties of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas*, by Ambrose Coviello. The four works dealt with in a very helpful manner are those in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1; A flat, Op. 26; minor, Op. 13; and C major, Op. 2, No. 3.

Finally (though the supply of books that ought to be mentioned is far from exhausted) here is something for the very young listener; *Alice in Orchestra Land*, by Ernest la Prade. The title explains the object and character of the book. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who knows all that is to be known in teaching the young idea how to shoot in this particular direction, writes an appreciative foreword. To clinch matters, however, I have tried the book on a couple of youngsters in their early 'teens, and they agree with the Doctor. I have no doubt that many young readers of *Alice* will pass the book on to uninitiated parents with equally good results.

HARVEY GRACE

The books Dr. Grace reviews above are: *Handel*, by Edward J. Dent (Duckworth, 2s.); *The Organ and its Music*, by A. C. Delacour de Brisay (Kegan Paul, 6s.); *The Heritage of Music*, Vol. II, by Hubert J. Foss (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.); *Rubato*, by J. Alfred Johnstone (Joseph Williams, 3s. paper, 4s. cloth); *Music and How to Enjoy It*, by J. H. Elliot (Blackie, 2s. 6d.); *Bach* (Duckworth, 2s.); and *The Little Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach* (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.), by Esther Meynell; *The Music of Parry and Stanford*, by J. A. Fuller-Maitland (Heffer, 3s. 6d.); *Difficulties of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas*, by Ambrose Coviello (Oxford University Press, 4 booklets, 1s. each); and *Alice in Orchestra Land*, by Ernest la Prade (Cobden-Sanderson, 3s. 6d.).

Four Years' Fighting

A History of the Great War, 1914-1918. By C. R. M. F. Cruttwell. Oxford University Press. 15s.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FYFE

NOT SINCE THE DAYS of Ancient Greece has war been described by authors of distinction who themselves took part in it as combatants, not as commanders. Julius Cæsar's account of his Gallic campaigns is admirable, but how much more interesting would be the story of the fighting told by one who was a legionary or centurion. Generals do not see war as privates or regimental officers see it. One of the reasons for the value of this book is that Mr. Cruttwell, now Principal of Hertford College, Oxford, served in the trenches with the Berkshire Regiment. As a result of that he is fair and impartial. He does not talk nonsense about German brutality and British gentlemanliness. There were brutes, of course, on both sides. He admits, for instance, that 'the Intelligence of all armies frequently resorted to "third degree" methods to exact information from privates or N.C.O.'s. Officers were generally cajoled, tricked or made drunk in order to pick their brains'. Nor does Mr. Cruttwell call the German introduction of gas warfare barbarous and omit any mention of the French 'burning alive of men by liquid fire', or the British use of boiling oil. He calls the latter 'horrible', and he views gas as an abomination. But he explains why it made generals so angry.

In the face of gas, without protection, individuality was annihilated; the soldier in the trench became a mere passive recipient of torture and death. A final stage seemed to be reached in the whole tendency of modern scientific warfare to depress and make of no effect individual bravery, enterprise and skill.

Again, nearly every soldier is or becomes a fatalist on active service; it quietsens his nerves to believe that his chance will be favourable or the reverse. But his fatalism depends upon the belief that he has a chance. If the very air which he breathes is poison, his chance is gone; he is merely a destined victim for the slaughter.

That is sound observation, due to Mr. Cruttwell's presence in the trenches south of Ypres when the gas attacks began. Later, when gas-masks were really protective, that effect wore off. But if once the soldier gets the idea that he really is no more than 'cannon fodder', war will have to stop and generals will join the unemployed.

The same realism of outlook forces on Mr. Cruttwell the conviction that without the death penalty to preserve discipline and punish cowardice or desertion, 'no army can fight'. This reflection is provoked by the abolition of executions in the Russian Army after the first revolution. Mr. Cruttwell rather misses the point of that measure. The Russian Army at that date did not want to fight. Indeed, it never at any time wanted to, and it was because he knew that, and knew therefore that the Tsar and his Government had nothing to gain by going on, that Sturmer would have made peace, if he could, in 1916. In his easy labelling of Sturmer as 'pro-German', and his whole treatment of the Tsarist Empire's part in the War, Mr. Cruttwell seems to me less open-minded than usual and not so well informed. No doubt that is because I was on the spot for a long time in that particular theatre of war. He condemns the French for thinking more of their own than of the common interest, but does not see that our expecting the Russians to pull British and French chestnuts out of the fire was equally self-centred and unreasonable. However, taking it as a whole, nobody who wants to follow the course of the War and to understand its political as well as its military aspects could have a better guide than Mr. Cruttwell's book or a more gripping narrative, in which personalities stand out clear-cut.

Sometimes the author implies rather than asserts his views of a character. Take this of Jellicoe: 'His career had been that of a pattern officer, distinguished in every examination. . . . He had a most orderly, exact comprehensive mind, with great mastery over "detail"'. His natural caution was enhanced by the knowledge of the tremendous issues always involved in his decisions'. After this one needs not to be told that Jellicoe lacked 'that burning appeal, that irresistible magnetism which since the days of Nelson had been traditionally expected of the ideal naval leader'. Yet at the same time Mr. Cruttwell does justice to the negative value of Jellicoe's carefulness.

He can hit out at times. Kitchener he blames for 'the traditional pedantry of military trade-unionism' in sending Stopford, 'an elderly and decaying general who had never commanded troops in war', to the Dardanelles instead of the 'young ener-

getic' soldier for whom Sir Ian Hamilton asked. Haig was, like Jellicoe, 'a model officer', but of him Mr. Cruttwell has a higher opinion, although the Somme disaster comes in for well-deserved censure. Over Passchendaele, of which so much has been heard lately, the book skates quickly. Haig, we are told, came to his full stature only in the last four months of war. But was not this the period when he was told what Foch wanted him to do? He did it magnificently; under orders he had by this time learned to be supremely efficient (he was anything but efficient when he lost his head during the retreat from Mons). But as a commander-in-chief, responsible for planning, the book does not defend him: it would be an impossible task.

What Mr. Cruttwell brings out all through is that the War demanded new technique to meet the differences caused by new machinery for slaughter, and that almost all the efforts to supply this new technique were made, not by soldiers, but by civilians, being actually opposed by soldiers until they had under pressure been obliged to try them. In field operations the Germans and the French jumped to the need for fresh methods far more quickly than the British commanders, who, indeed, may be said to have won the War, so far as there was any winning, by means which they had done their best to disparage and reject.

New Novels

IN HIS BROADCAST TALK on November 14, Dr. A. J. Cronin dealt with the following novels:

They Knew Mr. Knight, by Dorothy Whipple (Murray, 7s. 6d.): 'The Blakes live in polite semi-detachment at The Grove, Trentham, "passing rich" on £500 a year, and a happy and contented family. Then the wicked angel enters, in the shape of Mr. Knight, a swollen-headed, self-made, meddling financier, who . . . helps Thomas Blake to finance his engineering works and also to tide over the slump by speculation. . . . Knight coolly leaves Thomas in the lurch, saddled with a beautiful old country house, not yet paid for. How Thomas Blake, without Mr. Knight to bolster him up, loses all that he has gained and far more, how his family reacts to his disgrace, you must read for yourselves, and you'll enjoy every word of it. This is a first-rate novel, human, wise and tender'.

Gallybird, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Cassell, 7s. 6d.): 'A gallybird, in the Sussex dialect, is a woodpecker—a particularly downy bird which concentrates its destructive peckings upon unsound trees. The "unsound tree" of this novel is Gervase Alard, a seventeenth-century country parson who . . . is tempted to take up again the study of Black Magic which had engrossed his early days in France. The woodpecker—a black-guard named Douce—sees his opportunity to victimise Alard and, by first pecking at his soul, end by possessing his estate. . . . Probably some of you are asking yourselves what exactly is meant by "Black Magic". . . . It is only if you really comprehend the terrible darkness which lies behind these superficially absurd drawings of pentagrams, these Bohemian cards and invocations in dog-Latin, and the spirit that was like a sugar-loaf, that you will feel the full force of this most interesting book'.

Prophet Without Honour, by Russell Green (Nelson, 7s. 6d.): 'A book that deals with "the prone but embalmed corpse of that mightiest of all mammoths, the Victorian age" Mr. Green's dissection is effected neatly and with an astonishing grasp of the anatomy of his subject. He has an amazing virtuosity in the matter of words. . . but, style apart, he has a remarkable sense of life'.

Two Fools, by George A. Birmingham (Methuen, 7s. 6d.): 'The mixture is palatable and effervescent. As a cure for the mental indigestion induced by a too serious contemplation of our political and economic problems, it is a first-rate medicine'.

Crime at Christmas, by C. H. B. Kitchin (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.): 'Mr. Kitchin has taken an apparently ordinary house-party invited to Hampstead for the festive season. Instead of the usual presents, Christmas morning reveals a body. Another body is subsequently found in the vicinity, and the situation begins to look really promising. . . . Odd things keep cropping up. . . . It is to Mr. Kitchin's everlasting credit that in the last few pages he explains them all'.

Shot at Dawn, by John Rhode (The Crime Club, 7s. 6d.): 'An amazingly ingenious book. The solution of the murder of a mysterious yachtsman in a deserted estuary is only made possible by detailed studies of winds and tides and a profound knowledge of the science of ballistics!'

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Peter Warlock, a Memoir of Philip Heseltine By Cecil Gray. Cape. 10s. 6d.

ALL THOSE OF US who believed that Philip Heseltine (or Peter Warlock) was a live force in the musical world of England, and to whom, three years ago, the news of his unexpected, premature death came as an appalling shock, will wholeheartedly congratulate Mr. Cecil Gray for this altogether admirable memoir, in which Heseltine's complex, fascinating, and bewildering personality is most accurately focussed, set in full light, accounted for with subtle and warm psychological insight, and made to live before us. But it is not to them only that the book will appeal strongly and lastingly. Admitting as a matter of course that such a subject, efficiently handled by a writer who knew it thoroughly, was bound to prove revealing to music-lovers and to students of contemporary musical history, it remains to say that what puts the book in a class of its own among books on music is the human interest of the story of Heseltine, who was by nature an idealist:

—sensitive, pliant, sentimental, self-distrustful, but made an effort to become virile, hard, reckless, self-reliant, adopting and cultivating, partly consciously and partly unconsciously, a new personality, that of Peter Warlock, which he imposed upon the outside world . . . As Philip Heseltine, everything he touched went wrong, all his best-laid and most deserving schemes invariably collapsed; but the moment he put on a mask everything succeeded, not only in art, but in life as well . . . Despising his real self, he sought to change it; but the tragedy was that he only succeeded in destroying it.

And realising as much, 'he deliberately truncated his existence at what he felt to be the right moment'. A strange and moving tale indeed, rendered stranger by the strength of Heseltine's impulses and reactions, as revealed by many letters (his correspondence with Delius is something which no reader will ever forget) and by Mr. Gray's narrative and comments. Mr. Gray has lived up to his ambition 'to show him as he was, with all his faults, in the firm belief that the shadows which appear in the picture will only serve to enhance the brightness of the whole'. The vitality and point of the writing are amazing, and render the book as valuable from the literary point of view as from the documentary and psychological.

Mr. Robert Nichols has contributed an excellent chapter on Heseltine at Oxford; Sir Richard Terry a glowing tribute to Heseltine the composer and scholar; and Mr. Augustus John a picturesque foreword.

Experiment in Autobiography. By H. G. Wells Vol. II. Gollancz and Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.

Perhaps it could not be helped, but in the second and concluding volume Mr. Wells' 'experiment in autobiography' becomes a sketch for autobiography. Although published at an interval of a month, the two volumes form an unbroken narrative of 827 continuously numbered pages, which but for their bulk should be bound together. Nevertheless, between the volumes there is a contrast. Whereas in the first Mr. Wells described with much vivid detail the marvellous transformation of the boy who left school before he was fourteen, and was apparently condemned to be a draper, first into a bachelor of science of London University and then into a free-lance journalist, here no sooner has success been assured than the years get telescoped.

There are character-portraits of the literary friends the rising author made—Frank Harris, Grant Allen, Henry James, Stephen Crane, Conrad, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Ford Madox Ford, George Gissing, Hubert Bland, Graham Wallas, Arnold Bennett—some of which, it must be admitted, do not rise above the level of gossip; Mr. Wells' opinions of certain 'brains in key positions', including Franklin Roosevelt and Stalin, both of whom he visited this year; a delightful account of Mr. Wells devising in bed one night during the War a telpherage system to save the soldiers at the front from fatigues up and down communication trenches and of the ingenious tactics with which the military authorities successfully fought against having to adopt it. A further and generous selection of the lively little sketches of the kind prized by Mr. Wells' correspondents add also their quota to the entertainment. But an attempt 'to dissect' his relations with his two successive wives strangely fails to be either moving or psychologically illuminating. Then, if the years do get telescoped, it is largely because so many pages are devoted to estimates of previous books and,

no doubt quite legitimately, to the explaining of his belief in and work for the setting up of a world-state, and all this the majority of readers would probably sacrifice gladly for more about that 'joint attack' waged by Mr. Wells and his second wife on the world, the story of which is more or less broken off once he has told how he and Amy Catherine Robbins, the former pupil who became his second wife, would issue forth from their London lodgings in a daily search of subjects for articles; how, in spite of handicaps, the final version of *The Time Machine*—his first full-length story—got written in lodgings at Sevenoaks; and how Spade House, for years his home at Sandgate, he came to build.

The Holy Mountain. By Bhagwān Shri Hamsa Introduction by W. B. Yeats. Faber. 8s. 6d.

This is, in its own way, the most extraordinary book we have ever read; and we defy anyone to read it without feelings of the profoundest wonder and reverence. Bhagwān Shri was a devotee of Dattātreya, and was consumed with the desire to see the physical presence of his Master. For this purpose he set out from Bombay on a pilgrimage to the Holy Mountain Kailas in Tibet and the sacred Lake Manas which lies near it. The dangers and privations he went through make Hannibal's passage of the Alps a holiday-tour. Early in his journey he was chased by a wild elephant. 'Bowing to the lotus-feet of his Master', he flung himself over a precipice. He was unconscious for a day, but recovered in a fortnight. Another time he awoke in the night to find a tiger close to his feet. 'I summoned all my powers to think of my Master. A wondrous peace descended over me. I lay down to rest again. The tiger rose, growled furiously, and then, jumping over us three or four times, shot away into the thicket'. Worse than tigers and elephants were the outlaw-tribes of the Dakus. A band of these savages came upon him. He prepared for death, and fell into an ecstasy of adoration. When he woke, the robber-chief was kneeling at his side in a suppliant posture: he begged the saint's pardon and offered him food and horses for the journey. At length Lake Manas came in sight, with Kailas to the front—'the image of God wrought in the universe, not of earth but of heaven, of the blessed Land of the Soul'. Bhagwān stayed here twelve days for his *Anushthāna* or meditation, fasting all day, speaking no word, and merely drinking tea at night. From many miles' distance he heard a voice chanting a holy song; and mysterious footprints pointed the way he was to go. A Mahatma cheered him on his pilgrimage. But the real Hill Difficulty was yet to climb.

How he overcame all hardships, hail, ice, snow, perpendicular cliffs, and awe-inspiring glaciers, he tells us simply and clearly. At last he reached the Master's dwelling, more than twenty thousand feet above the plain. There his eyes were opened, and he saw the Master in his physical form, heard his voice, and felt his touch; and he passed through all the stages of initiation till he attained the one harmony of Wisdom, infinite Love, and Bliss Eternal—the body had vanished, and the 'I' with it. After three days he was bidden to return; and in fifteen minutes, in the company of the Lord, he covered the space which, in ascending, had taken him fifteen hours. He now bore the added name of *Hamsa*, or the Soul.

The Islandman. By Tomas O'Crohan Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

Man of Aran. By Pat Mullen. Faber. 8s. 6d.

Four books have now come from the Irish islands, O'Sullivan's *Twenty Years A-Growing*, Tom O'Flaherty's *Aranmen All*, and the two books listed above. Of these O'Sullivan's and O'Crohan's were originally written in Gaelic, and—though there may be no connection—they are of permanent value, both. But they are so for quite different reasons. O'Sullivan's book had great literary merit. O'Crohan's *The Islandman* will remain as a genuine, simple chronicle of life on the Great Blasket Island as lived, mainly, between the 'sixties of the last century and the first decade or so of this. *The Islandman* has little or no literary merit. It recounts, more often than not ingenuously, the way of life, from year to year, the sometimes terrible hardships, the simple gaieties, the wrecks, the fishing, the building, the emigrating, the births and deaths, on an austere and lonely island in the extreme south-west of Ireland. There is a quiet



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and moving dignity in this simple record of some seventy years of island life, and because it is authentic and unmannered, it is a book to be respected. The following passage illustrates both the matter at its best, and the translation, from quite difficult and highly idiomatic Irish, also quiet and dignified.

In a house with a large family you would find a post-bed, or maybe a bed on the floor. The old people used to spend the night in that beside the fire, with an old stump of a clay pipe going, or two pipes if there were two of them living, and smoking away; they would have a wisp of straw for a pipe-lighter. A good fire of *fine turf smouldered away* until morning; every time they woke they took a light from the fire and puffed at the pipe; if the old woman was *alive*, the old man would stretch across to *give her a light from the wisp*; then the smoke from the two old pipes would *drift up* the chimney, and *you could imagine* that the couple's bed was a steamship *as they puffed away* in full-blast.

The quality of the English, rhythmical and gentle, is, however, peculiar to itself. The italicised words, for example, are not precisely contained in the original, and if any fault could possibly be found with the translation it is that it is too good, in this sense, that it has its own mannered and graphic quality, a fine literary quality missing in O'Crohan himself. So the original has '*glanadh*' (= 'cleaning'); the translation has 'scouring and driving out' (the dust). It has 'fruit of her womb', not in the original; 'leap a house' becomes 'clear a house at one leap'; 'take' becomes strengthened into 'snatch'; 'very mean' may or may not be strengthened by 'pretty wretched'; 'fear' is improved by being colloquialised into 'funk'; a couple of dogs do not 'lie' in by the feet of the bed—they 'stretch out'; 'coming home and a star above' becomes 'when we came home with the stars shining over us'. And so on. Tiny alterations and improvements, but where constantly made, they have, to say the least, done well for the original. But they have, too, justified or not, provided English readers with a truly chaste and lovely translation of the book of an importunate Ancient Mariner.

Man of Aran is in the main a record of the making of the film. Incidentally, and the pity is that it should be merely incidental, we get a picture, often vivid and amusing, of the life of the people. The book is freely illustrated by some of the best 'stills' from the film, and has two maps.

The Life of Lord Carson. Vol. II

By Ian Colvin. Gollancz. 15s.

Mr. Colvin, taking up the pen of the late Mr. Marjoribanks, has written a very vivid story which must both excite and depress the majority of English readers. Apart from one chapter on the Marconi Case, which is rather awkwardly sandwiched into the book, these pages are almost entirely devoted to the desperate struggle waged around the issue of Irish Home Rule between 1910 and 1914. It is the story of the hopeless task of attempting to reconcile the irreconcilables represented by Carson and Redmond respectively, so as to make the Third Home Rule Bill practicable. The situation, which Mr. Colvin describes with great skill, was paradoxical. Carson, the man from Dublin, was rapturously accepted as leader by the Ulster loyalists, but was not accepted by the supporters of the Union in the South of Ireland, and while men were arrested and convicted for minor offences, the Government did not dare to arrest the man who threatened it with armed force. The Ulster Volunteers, eventually 100,000 strong, were equipped with German guns, provided by the gun-runner, Fred Crawford, and swore to fight against the Government with sincere expressions of loyalty to the King and the Constitution on their lips. The British Army at the Curragh, the servant of the Government, showed clearly that it would not obey the orders of the Government if called upon to act against Ulster. And Redmond, who had often talked of destroying 'foreign rule' in Ireland, was hand-in-hand with Asquith, the Prime Minister. The influence of Carson, as Bonar Law pointed out, has often been exaggerated. He was 'a good hater', which was just what Ulster wanted, but he did not create the movement in Ulster against any form of Home Rule. In Mr. Colvin's words, 'the English principle of government by consent has never had more than a weak hold on Irish soil', and Carson acted on the whole as a safety valve for Ulster, controlling rather than intensifying the pressure of popular feeling. But his personality was as foreign to English standards as that of any of his Southern opponents. It was natural that he should brandish over his head a shillelagh which had just been presented to him as a memento and promise to use it if necessary. He had an elemental, intense, and inflexible mind, and for the English love of compromise he had that complete abhorrence which has made all Irish affairs so exasperating to normal Englishmen.

Mr. Colvin does not attempt to make Carson larger than life, but shows us how he moved in the circumstances of the time, a time of intrigues, double dealing, broken confidences, and spying. But Mr. Colvin is rather more partisan than is desirable. Asquith, for example, was not the weak, shifty, and irresolute man he is made out to be, but did what he could in an appalling situation, and the Irish of the South, for whom Mr. Colvin has no sympathy, had idealism mixed with their obstinacy in the same manner as the loyalists of Ulster. Perhaps impartiality concerning Irish affairs is still too much to expect and, at least, the caustic comments in which Mr. Colvin often shows his attitude do help to season the dish.

Biology for Everyman. By Sir J. Arthur Thomson

Dent. 2 vols. 15s.

In order that Everyman shall read the book intended for him it must first be well-written. Sir Arthur Thomson had a prose style which was lucid, lively and often beautiful. In the second place the book must be tolerant and unaffected, for Everyman is impatient of bias and self-interest. Arthur Thomson had views of his own even when he began to write, forty years ago; but he always gave the impression of arriving at his conclusions only after weighing fairly the opinions of others. One might not agree with his final synthesis, but one could not quarrel with his method of reaching it. And furthermore, any subject for Everyman's consumption must be put into a social framework. Arthur Thomson recognised that for most people facts are not interesting in themselves, so by arrangement and correlation and synthesis he made them fit into a scheme of things. He had the art, moreover, of seeing which facts were important, and which could safely be left out of account. Add to these necessities the fact that Life itself was the subject of his study and it is not surprising that his books had a very wide public.

Biology for Everyman was practically finished before the author died: it has been ably edited by Dr. Holmyard and is published at a price which is extraordinarily cheap for the volume of reading and the wealth of illustrations the book contains. Volume I is a survey of the main divisions of the animal world, from protozoa to mammals. Volume II is in three parts: animal life in general; the plant world; man. The surveys of the animal and the plant world are first rate: detailed and comprehensive, a well of information for students and laymen alike. The writer's descriptions come from the field as well as the laboratory, and place is found for comment and quotation from countless original papers. Special praise must be given to his chapter on insects. The other two sections are more general; they set out to illustrate the author's well-known approaches to biology. 'When we wish to think wisely about any form of life', he says, 'we should think of it at its best'. 'Man has not had an entirely progressive influence on his domesticated animals. Though lambs still rebel, the sheep are servile and stupid; chicks are experimenters, but hens show the arresting influence of a sheltered life'. 'It is a duty, not a pastime, to think of the future. . . . All concrete problems require for their solution . . . more science'. 'We stand at the beginning of a new era, inspired by the idea of applying to the advance and amelioration of life all the relevant resources of biological science'. Arthur Thomson remained 'expectant and resolute' to the end.

Alice James: Her Brothers—Her Journal. Edited by Anna Robeson Burr. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

The value of Alice James' Journal by no means depends entirely on her being sister to Henry and William James. It was kept while she was in England, under Henry's general care (though not in his house) from May, 1889, to her death in March, 1892; first at Leamington, then in London, all the time an invalid. She records her constant sufferings in the Journal; but records them with an extraordinary detachment, observing the decline of her body curiously, accurately, humorously, and as if standing aside from it. 'Now it's only the shrivelling of an empty pea-pod that has to be completed', she writes eight months after she had heard the doctor's verdict; 'This long, slow dying is no doubt instructive, but it is disappointingly free from excitement. . . . One revolves with equal content within the narrowing circle until the vanishing point is reached, I suppose'. As with Katherine Mansfield, constant illness intensified her perceptions: not only in relation to the outside world of which she could see so little ('How grateful I am that I actually see, to my own consciousness, the quarter of an inch that my eyes fall upon') but also to what she heard and read and imagined. There was no need of

sham for her, and she often recalls figures in her brother's novels for whom also there was no need of sham—because they were old, like Lady Davenant, or dying, like Milly Theale, or entirely honest, like Paul Muniment—and she could comment on a charwoman in Leamington with nine children, or the wedding presents of the Duchess of Fife, without any glamour or any sentimentality. It is in these sudden flashes of perception that we realise what Henry James took from her. Time and again an impression, a point of view, that he only implies indirectly, through a character, or builds up slowly and deliberately, as the final flavour of a whole novel, flashes out with startling directness in the *Journal*. Writing of the Hyde Park procession of 1890 she at once seizes on the all-important fact of the solidarity of the workers ('these creatures, the disinherited . . . have divined that brotherly help is the path to victory') which James aimed at conveying in *The Princess Cassissima*; in three sentences on a well-intentioned but muddle-headed gentlewoman who went slumming without any attempt to grasp 'the vast seething problem of poverty' as a whole, we have the character of Lady Aurora of the same novel; and when she talks of the futilities of London society, snobbery in every class, the 'all-pervasive sense of pharisaism in the British constitution of things', is not this the final impression, though of course expressed here far more shortly and crudely, left by the whole series of his novels?

As well as editing the *Journal*, Miss Anna Robeson Burr has supplied a long introduction describing the other members of the James family, particularly Wilky and Bob, the brothers who went off at seventeen and eighteen to fight for the South in the Civil War, when Henry stayed at home. To judge from his *Notes of a Son and Brother*, it is likely that these events made an important mark on Henry's character, and they may well help to account for his whole-hearted identification with the Allied cause in 1914. Certainly the James's were a very close-knit and united family. Alice James writes of 'the exquisite family perfume of the days gone by, made of the allusions and the point of view in common'—and the more we know about the other members, and Henry's relations with them, the more we know of him as a person and a writer. But Miss Burr, while she provides the material for such further elucidation, at the same time herself accepts the superficial view of Henry James (see, for example, her remarks on page 32 on 'his mental habit, when threatened for any demand for plain facts, to take refuge immediately behind a smoke-screen of verbiage'; or on his attitude to the War, page 69) and, a particularly maddening trick, assumes far too much knowledge of the motives of that highly complex character. Insistence on material success, she tells us, 'was one of his paradoxical, most American qualities . . . it filled his books with vast estates and vast fortunes and all the things his father had told him were "vulgar", but which somehow did not appear so when they occurred in England'. Just how vulgar they did appear to him in England Miss Burr may discover by turning again to *A London Life*, or *The Spoils of Poynton*, or to his letters.

Landscape West of Eden. By Conrad Aiken

Branwen. By Ll. Wyn Griffith. Dent. 2s. 6d. each

Among modern poets the mystic cuts rather a strange and isolated figure. Objectivity is the mood of the moment: generally speaking, there is not much sympathy for those spirit-journeys which seek to explore the Whence and the Whither of human life. It is courageous of Mr. Aiken, therefore, to have defied this contemporary phase to the extent of writing a lengthy allegory, or mythological poem, expressive of that bitter duality in man of innocence and knowledge, thought and flesh:

. . . . Eden was for our childhood.

Are we forever children? do we grow?
have you learned nothing, in this journey westward,
save that you want once more the fruits of Eden?
must you go back and play with acorns, grassblades, fern-leaves?
Is nothing learned, with loss of innocence?

The poem is difficult and has something of the vagueness (as in Blake) of a dream-world. Mr. Aiken is a master of the sensuous use of words, that can be in his hands a Delius-like music, lulling the mind but awakening in the spirit some faint recognition of that Eden to which it belongs—'fantastic nonsense which feeds the soul'. Here is no time (centuries pass between the falling of the peach-tree's light blossoms), no space ('far, far below us, poured the stars to westward'); only that territory for which there is no map save in the myth-creating mind of the poet. *Landscape West of Eden* is a moral poem which wins our interest rather in spite of itself and because of the easy beauty of its diction and the freshness of its symbols.

Mr. Griffith's method of working is poles apart from Mr.

Aiken's, though he, too, draws his symbols from the past. He writes of that tragic daughter of Wales and queen of Ireland, Branwen, 'whose sorrow dies not in the heart of man'. But he writes of her in contemporary mood—a Welshman seeking from her some counsel for his distressed country, whose griefs are

these starvings hurts imprisonments,
craft waiting to strike, and tyranny malice
the thousand triumphs of hell and airs
venomed by an alien tongue, long sieges
thirst pricking against the teeth
old women waiting for their sons, and a black corpse
against the sunset on the wall.

And she brings the poet this for answer:

The Land hath Time for brother,
sister none but of your love you grow
a care. Grey hills and golden song
and Truth. . . . Oh ever Truth to drown
wild folly and the echoed words
men mouth to purchase fame:
small men pricking their neighbours in their fear.
In wind in rain in stress of war
and calumny of peace
climb ever
follow me. . . .

Mr. Griffith's use of words is as brittle and exact as Mr. Aiken's is sensuous and dreamlike. He is intensely individual. He stands four-square in the world of today, experiencing its suffering, employing its technique, but with ease and conviction linking that suffering, that technique, on to the tradition of his native land. *Branwen* is a brief poem, but its concentrated energy makes it more evocative in the reader's mind than many a poem ten times the length. Mr. Griffith is a new poet and one of whom much will be expected.

Civilization and the Unemployed

By A. M. Cameron

Student Christian Movement Press. 3s. 6d.

Among those who have been working in their various ways to check the dry rot of unemployment, the 'Lincoln experiment' has won an honourable name. In this modest and useful book Miss Cameron tells a wider public what has been done at Lincoln and what its social meaning is. She shows how the at first 'hopeless enterprise of finding a remedy for the mental distress of unemployment' overcame initial failures, established itself and achieved constructive value. Her narrative of the work of the Lincoln People's Service Club provides both an interesting paragraph in the social history of our time and a model for groups in other towns to follow. There is more than narrative, however, in Miss Cameron's book. It is an analysis of the social and individual waste of unemployment and a plea for experiment, for the invention of new forms of social co-operation, so that the workless may not be denied a constructive share in our common inheritance of civilisation. It offers, too, wise counsel upon the organisation and running of centres in which the workless may gather for recreative and other purposes. It will have high value as a guide to actual or would-be workers among the unemployed. Written in a spirit of understanding, it will stimulate goodwill and lead it into socially valuable channels. For its quiet wisdom and its complete freedom from smugness and superiority it deserves a wide circulation.

Introduction to Cambridge. By S. C. Roberts

Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

It has been remarked that there is in Oxford or Cambridge no building which can be pointed out to a stranger as 'the University', so much a matter of growth and so little of planning have the old Universities been. And it is a rare undergraduate who has a very much clearer conception than have strangers of the history and constitution of his University or its manner of operation through those whom he knows as 'dons'. Mr. S. C. Roberts, the Secretary to the Cambridge University Press, has written what strangely appears to have been lacking hitherto, an admirably lucid, simple and informing introduction, with excellent illustrations, to these mysteries, and for the benefit of those who are not in it, of the daily life of the undergraduate. At half-a-crown it ought to be not only in the library of every public and secondary school, and on the bookshelves of intelligent undergraduates and incepting M.A.'s who will not, unless resident, need the larger official *Student's Handbook*. But, being intended primarily for the outside public, perhaps paragraphs dealing with an undergraduate's expenses might have included a more emphatic exposure of the obstinate legend that the old Universities are playgrounds of the sons of the idle rich.